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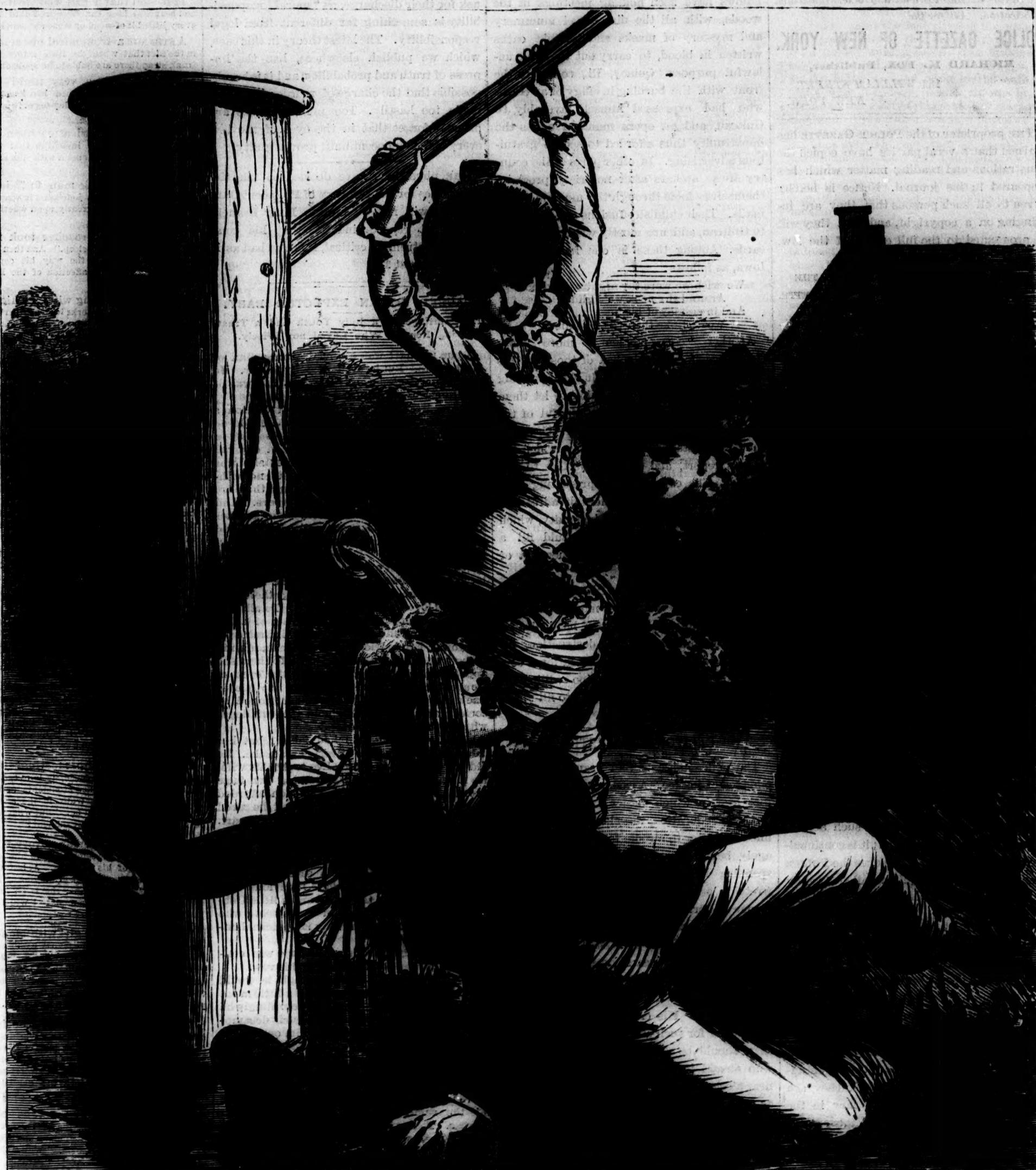
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COOLING HIM OFF.

THE PLAN ADOPTED BY TWO NEW YORK BELLES TO AMELIORATE THE ARDOR OF A FRESH COUNTRY SWELL'S PASSION.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF THE
NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

AN Illinois justice has decided that "courting is public necessity, and must not be interrupted; therefore, if a young man wanted to kiss a girl he might put her father out of the room first if he liked." But the justice didn't say that the old man was thenceforth privy of his privilege of booting the aforementioned young man.

Does it not occur to the persons who advocate the lynching of Guiteau that a violent death of this kind would be more merciful to the wretch than hanging by due process of law? In the hands of an unreasoning and furious mob the wretched man would live but a few minutes. Should the President die at the villain's hand, convicted, and leisurely hung.

THAT "there is many a true word spoken in jest," was again forcibly illustrated last week at Butte, Mont. A party of exhorters struck that delightful place last week and began holding prayer meetings on the streets. One of the band succeeded in collecting a crowd of miners, bull-whackers and gamblers, and was at the height of his eloquence when a grizzly miner yelled out: "How about Beecher?" "My friend," said the preacher, "the Bible upholds no such actions as his. It is bitter against such; it is continually exposing such acts." "So does the POLICE GAZETTE," shouted a miner called Cranky Ed. The reverend was completely paralyzed and consequently quiet.

THE Mormons are proselytizing in all parts of the world. Thirteen Mormon missionaries, who had been laboring in the northern part of Europe, recently arrived in New York bringing with them 735 converts, of whom over 600 were Scandinavians. The zeal of these Mormon missionaries and converts is very remarkable; for burning enthusiasm and downright hard work they are ahead of any proselytizing sect now in the missionary field. In common fairness it must be admitted the Mormons are hard-working and well conducted people, when they keep clear of what they call Gentile influence. There is very little liquor drinking, and no debauchery or riotous living.

THE COUNTRY'S FOOLS.

The shooting of President Garfield has afforded an opportunity for many other lunatics besides Guiteau to glut their hunger for notoriety and satisfy their eagerness for the publicity of print. To have one's name in the newspapers is, to many persons, the acme of human happiness—the highest goal of life. How to accomplish this is the subject of their waking thoughts and the theme of their dreams. To this class of persons Guiteau's cowardly act offers the solution of the problem which has vexed them body and soul. It is the one glorious opportunity, which they have not been slow to embrace.

The methods by which they have embraced it are as diversified as the fools are numerous. On Staten Island a person of Teutonic origin has secured the coveted prize by organizing a gang of would-be murderers for the avowed purpose of taking the life of the miserable wretch who cowers in his cell at Washington. In New Jersey another lot of fellows have been holding meetings in the woods, with all the dime-novel mummery and mystery of masks and terrible oaths written in blood, to carry out the same unlawful purpose. Quincy, Ill., comes to the front with the burning in effigy of an editor who had expressed himself favorably to Guiteau, and an opera manager seizes the opportunity thus afforded to secure gratuitous advertising. In other parts of the country these seekers after notoriety proclaim themselves fools through the medium of the mails. Their childish effusions are addressed to Guiteau, and are mostly written on postal cards. Among these is one from Greene, Iowa, as follows:

We wish we were thy nightcap strings;
Around thy neck we'd glide,
And in ecstasy of bliss
We'd choke thee till thee died.

Another "correspondent," more nasty than nice, forwards a box of those insects for whose welfare bachelors in cheap lodging houses pray, with a suggestion to let them loose on Guiteau, utterly unmindful of the political sentiments of the bugs. These are but a few instances of the many which the papers report, and do scant justice to the subject. The caricatures representing Guiteau undergoing all the most dreadful tortures known to inquisitorial ingenuity, which are being augmented daily, would fill a gallery and give points to a Torquemada or a Chinese executioner.

We would suggest to District Attorney Corkhill that it would be more consonant with the dignity of his office if he dedicated these communications to destruction, instead of furnishing them to sensational correspondents who are only too willing to offend common decency in order to fill space in their papers.

CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.

The police judge of San Francisco has an odd idea of justice. A case recently came before him in which James Lealle, a man of birth and education, was shown to have confined his sister to a room for three years savagely beating her when in the mood and spending her income in debauchery. The wretch's sentence was three months in the House of Correction and a fine of \$1, a tenement which many a man has received for an assault and battery. It is safe to say that for the past three years Lealle's sister has suffered every week of her life more than Lealle will suffer during his three months incarceration. His crime was special in its nature and for such crimes and inhumanities there should be some special law. The man who should inflict such outrages upon so near a relative is as unsafe to be at liberty as Guiteau or any other heartless rascal who knows no feeling of decency, and his sentence can but bring the law into disrepute.

A CHALLENGE PROMPTLY ACCEPTED.

Mr. Michael C. McDonald, a prominent sporting man of Chicago, has taken up the challenge made some time ago by Mr. Richard

K. Fox, the proprietor of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, to back Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of Troy, N. Y., for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, against John L. Sullivan or any other pugilist in America. As soon as the wires flashed the news that Mr. McDonald accepted the challenge on the part of Sullivan, Mr. Fox, with his customary promptness in all sporting matters, sent his certified personal check for a thousand dollars to Chicago and covered for Paddy Ryan. Unless the other side backs out, the fight will take place, for Mr. Fox means business, as is shown by the promptness with which he put up the forfeit. The details of the fight will be arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 12th inst., and it will probably result in a "mull" such as is seldom seen.

THE Coroner's Jury in the Jennie Cramer case have rendered rather a novel verdict. We will be much surprised if the counsel of Walter Malley and Blanche Douglass do not ask for their discharge, as "moral" responsibility is something far different from legal responsibility. The latest theory in this case, which we publish elsewhere, has the impress of truth and probability, and it is barely possible that the charge of murder has been made too hastily. Too many persons are prone to forget that in the eyes of the law every man is innocent until proven guilty.

THE physicians have decided to take the one chance for the recovery of President Garfield and will remove him to Long Branch. The latest reports indicate that his condition is extremely critical, if not as bad as it was on August 27.

CAUSED BY AN EXPECTED BABY.

The Marriage of a Jolly Youth and a Trusting Female Who Loved not Wisely.

Adam Gebhart was a jovial young man of Clinton, Mo. But he ain't so jolly to-day. He has demonstrated the truth that the way of the transgressor is hard.

There lives in the little city of Clinton a handsome young lady who was considered one of the fairest belles of the society in which she moved. The young men enjoyed her society, and among the ladies she was a favorite. Women will trust, notwithstanding the many sad warnings that are daily given them through the papers. And Miss Seaman was no exception. She laid her all; her name, her fortune, and above all the most priceless, her woman's honor, at Gebhart's feet.

Trusting in his promises, she yielded to his lascivious caresses, and for a time all went smoothly, the parties enjoying their unhallowed love in fancied security. To all outsiders they appeared only as a pair of affectionate lovers, and even the most intimate of the young lady's friends had never an inkling of the true relations of the two. To them she appeared a virtuous girl, but in the eyes of Heaven and their own conscience the couple knew that their love was not sanctioned by society, and that the lady held the privileges without the name of a wife.

Like Mother Eve, she had fallen, but her Adam was not like his historic namesake. He did not "take this modern Eve to be his wife. He remained in the fruits of his own false promises brought him. He had been afforded an example of her love for him. But he cared not for that precious jewel, a woman's heart. He sated his lust and then began to think of casting her off. She informed him of the condition she suspected herself to be in and implored him to give her the sacred name of wife, before the fruits of their lascivious love should be known to the world and a little Gebhart be making paid pies in the streets, who had not the honor of knowing its paternal ancestor.

He promised, but at the same time was considering how he could best elude his vow.

About two months since he thought he would emigrate to a clime that would be a little more congenial to his constitution. Accordingly he strolled. He disappeared, vanquished, decamped, and the places which knew him once knew him again no more. When the young woman found herself betrayed, deserted, and in an interesting condition, her anguish and bitter sorrow knew no bounds. True she did not move in the upper crust realms, but still she felt the same keen anguish as though an heiress. To her the scoffs and jeers and the taunting remarks would be just as bitter as to anyone else. In her sorrow she revealed the secret to a few friends, who notified Sheriff Hopkins, and that official captured his man at Jefferson City.

Gebhart said he would do what was right, and would marry the girl upon his arrival at Clinton.

SEASONING.

A FEAST of freemin—ice cream.

"OYE LUNG" is the consummate reminding name of a Chinese laundryman in a Brooklyn street. A MULCHAGE factory recently burned in Rhode Island. The sad affair cast a gloom over the entire community.

The young woman who used to sing, "Oh! had I the wings of a dove," is noticed with a chicken leg now.

Song of the Sioux chief as he leaves the wigwam of his Laughing Water: "Oh! Siouxans, don't you cry for me."

"I'LL feed my boarders on the fat of the land," observed Mrs. Stettem, as she received for a tub of oleomargarine.

A BUFFALO girl never has her wedding dress made in that city, for fear somebody will say she was married in a Buffalo robe.

The gods have at last resolved on what they shall do with New England. Sixty-five brass bands are to compete for a prize at Hartford, Conn.

A ROMANTIC kitchen incident: There is a good deal of human nature in clothes-wringers. An Altona girl had her hand badly squeezed by one.

A RECIPE for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anything could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

It is said that a girl who wears No. 2 shoes and beautiful hose can be scared into believing almost every little bit of wood or stone she sees is a mouse.

A STRANGE astronomical phenomenon is seen in the fact that when the irate father takes down his trunk strap there is liable to be spots on the son.

THE giraffe is a very timid animal. His neck is so long that when his heart comes into his mouth it takes him half a day to get it back where it belongs.

SPoons with a bowl at each end have made their appearance. An invention that would enable a pair of lovers to eat ice cream with the same weapon has long been needed.

"WILL the coming man fly?" is the conundrum that an Arizona journalist is wrestling with. We think it will depend greatly upon whether the coming women has the poker.

THE Cleveland preacher took for his text, "He giveth his beloved sleep." And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked itself into the affection of the Lord was amazing.

LOVE is a big thing with Michigan girls. A girl in Grand Rapids works in her father's garden to pay for the use of a horse with which to go and get her young man Saturday nights and take him back Monday morning.

AN importunate boy made sport of an old farmer's nose, mouth and chin, but the old farmer silenced him by saying: "Your nose, mouth and chin had to be made small, so as there'd be material left for your cheek."

CAPTAIN BOBANUS'feat of breaking 500 glass balls in twenty-five minutes and fifteen seconds has been excelled by a Philadelphia man, who was carrying a basket of glass balls to a shooting range and stepped on a banana peal.

THERE are ladies who should be very careful when they eat corn from the cob. At a watering place hotel the other evening a lady at dinner made so frightful a bite at the ear that when she released it her upper set of false teeth came with it.

A BUTCHER boy carrying a tray on his shoulders accidentally struck it against a lady's head and nearly knocked her hat off. "The dame take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," said the boy gravely, "the dame cannot take the tray."

THERE is an awful state of affairs in a little Michigan town where a typesetter substituted the word "widows" for "windows." The editor wrote: "The windows of the church need washing badly. They are too dirty for any use, and are a disgrace to our village."

"ANGELINE, my dear, you should not sit on the veranda in the edge of the evening; you will contract malaria," said a sweet mother. "I know it, ma," was the charming reply; "that's what I'm trying to do. All our set have the malaria. It is quite the idea, I assure you." What could mamma say?

SOME of the camp meetings this year are not doing very well, because, it is alleged, there is not style enough about the attendants and managers to "draw." If there is any truth in the allegation, a good camp meeting text would be: "But what went ye out to see? A man clothed in soft raiment!"

A MARRIED gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. At last the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impudent jade, and if I hear any more complaints I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

"WHO is the pretty girl with blonde hair and deep blue eyes, there in the jaunty hat?" asked Alfred, at the lawn party. "Who?" replied Annie, "that taffy-haired girl with the tallow eyes and that nightmare of blue rags on her head! I never saw her before; nobody we want to know." That, methinks, is the way that different people look at a pretty girl in a pretty hat.

"WHO was the greatest American poet?" asked Professor Staats. "George Washington," said the slow boy in the farther seat; "he was versed in war, versed in peace, and ver—" But the professor interrupted him to say that that was the verst he'd ever heard, and just then lightning struck the Baptist college, and without coming to a vote, the boys adjourned.

He was a grave and reverend college professor, and he was enjoying the air on one of the New York wharves. "Do you catch many mackerel this year?" he asked of a hardy fisherman. "Well," the son of Neptune replied, "we seine some." "Pardon, young man," exclaimed the man of letters, "you mean we saw some." "Not by a hornfull," replied the fisherman. "Well, ever heard of sawing fish. We split 'em, sir, we split 'em, but we never saw 'em." The man from the college seemed mystified. He turned away and sighed at the ignorance of the times.

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

FISH-GIRL AND KING'S MISTRESS.

Those who have made Satan's character a study tell us that his ruling policy in winning the world to himself is to select handsome women with brilliant intellects for his adjutants. And facts and our own observation compel us to admit, ungallant as it is, that the assertion is true. There are many reasons in extenuation of this fact, not generally considered by moralists who delight in sermonizing over "lovely woman's folly." They start out with the assumption that a woman who is endowed with intellect and beauty, and is of bad morals, must necessarily have been created so, and that her acts solely represent impulses beyond her control. Their inconsistency becomes apparent, and, when in the face of this belief they come to the woman for that which they claim she represents. People of liberal ideas look upon mankind as the creatures of circumstance, and are of their actions, whether good or bad, as the outcome of certain conditions of life. The man or woman who holds this view is always charitable and forgiving with their fellows. They may condemn, but their condemnation is accompanied with pity.

In contemplating the character of famously infamous women who have reigned as Queens in Folly's Court, it is hoped that the reader of these articles describing their career, will be among those who are more willing to forgive than condemn. With but few exceptions the lives of these women were moulded by adverse circumstances. They strutted their brief hour on life's stage creatures of the present, taking no note of time and the sorrows and remorse it might bring. God and they alone know what their punishment was. The moral that their lives teach is all that concerns us. Let us glance at that of one of Folly's fairest sovereigns, merry Nell Gwynne.

This "archest of hussies" was born in the little town of Hereford, England. A mean, rickety old shanty is pointed out as the place of her birth. The gossips there little thought that a child so humbly born would be the mother of a line of dukes, or that her great grandson should be the bishop of her native town, and occupy for forty years the Episcopal palace in close proximity to the shaky dwelling-place where his grand-mother first saw the light.

Nell was born in 1650, and tradition states that at a very early age she ran away from home and went to London. Shortly after her arrival there she gave evidence of that enterprise and energy which was to carry her to fame and fortune by engaging in the fish business. She roamed the streets, selling fish by day, and rambled from tavern to tavern at night entertaining the company after supper with songs and was an occasional attendant in the house of a noted courtesan, Madame Ross. In this way she soon became a character of London, and one of the most popular of her kind. She found plenty of time while crying the merits of her stock to banter ribald jokes with the lusty, red-faced yokels who were her neighbors and competitors. Her wit made her a dangerous opponent in a verbal contest with more lofty acquaintances, too, as all who engaged her in wordy battle had good reason to know. She could flatter a customer into buying double his needs and make one who concluded, after looking over her stock, that he "wouldn't buy anything to-day," feel that he had committed a grievous sin.

Her beauty captivated the hearts of the susceptible fish-boys in the market, and made them knights, ready to blanch each other's eyes and otherwise bruise their anatomy for the honor of being considered her favorite champion. A handsome, athletic young fishmonger after many encounters and many hard-earned victories was awarded the palm by the rollicking Nell. She became his companion, retiring from the market altogether.

But her restless spirit soon began to chafe under her new condition, and she bade adieu to her first love, and again entered upon an active life, this time as a barmaid in a famous inn a short distance from the Drury Lane Theatre, much frequented by the actors of that celebrated temple of the drama.

It was quite natural that her vacuity and beauty should attract the notice of Thespians, noted as they are for their susceptibility to female charms. A famous member of the Drury Lane company named Lacy offered to give her dramatic instruction, and then secure her a chance to make her appearance before the public as an actress.

Nell readily accepted his kind offer, and at seventeen years of age made her *debut* at the King's theatre in the character of "Cyndaria" in the tragedy of the "Indian Emperor."

She made a failure also, and as dead a one as

any herring she had ever vended from her scaly basket.

Tragedy was too serious for her temperament, and it was not until she assumed comic characters, stamped the smallest foot in England on the boards, and laughed with that peculiar laugh that, in the excess of it, her eyes almost disappeared, she fairly carried the town, and enslaved the hearts of the city and Charles Second's merry court. She spoke prologues and epilogues with wonderful effect, danced like a fairy, and in her peculiar way invested all she did with such naturalness that her auditors were enchanted. Dryden, the poet, gave her the best parts in his plays. After she tired of Lacy, another actor, Hart, became her tutor and soon made a star of her of the first magnitude.

In the green-room she was so fierce of repartee that those of her associates who, jealous of her success, were wont to allude sneeringly to her antecedents, never ventured to do so a second time.

Among those who came nightly to witness Nell's performances was Lord Buckhurst, a man according to the chronicles of his time, "brave, truthful, gay, honest and universally beloved." Added to his other accomplishments were intellectual gifts of a high order. His poetry won the high compliment from Pope that he was "the grace of courts, the muses' pride."

While in the midst of her triumphs, the clever nobleman became enamored of Nell, and in obedience to his request she left the stage to preside as mistress of his house at Epsom.

The transition from a fish-boy's darling to that of a lord was enough to turn the head of any ordinary woman. But Nell accepted it as a matter of course, and carried herself with a grace that won plaudits of admiration from all the nobility and others who were from time to time Lord Buckhurst's guests.

After a year's sharing with the stage, she returned. Whether her visitation of Buckhurst was due to her fondness or a desire to obtain more money, the board, or whether the nobleman tired of her, is not known.

She was hailed with applause by the general public, but treated with contempt by a number of influential persons who had hitherto been valuable friends to her, and whose jealousy now made them enemies. But she found compensation for their enmity and enmity in the profitable friendship of Lord Dorset, and finally in the royal homage of Charles Stuart, the reigning King of England, himself.

Night after night he occupied his box, a delighted watcher of her pranks and addities. She became his mistress in 1665, and soon after disappeared forever from the stage, and retired to a palatial residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, provided for her by her royal lover.

Here in 1670 her first son, Charles, was born. A second son, James, born the following year, died when two years of age.

Appreciating, no doubt, the advantages which accrued to her from her relations with the king, Nell curbed her natural bent, and remained loyal to Charles for a number of years. She exerted all the blandishments of her nature on the profligate monarch. He became her slave, and readily complied with all of her wishes, no matter how capricious and unreasonable they were.

The son of Nell Gwynne and the king, afterwards known as the Duke of St. Albans, was born before she left the stage on May 8th, 1670. The expedient she adopted to secure for this son advancement to the same rank Charles conferred on his other natural children was an amusing one. The king happened to be in her apartments when the youngster was engaged in some childish sport, and his mother called to him:

"Come here, you little bastard."

"Oodfish," said Charles, "Thou mightest give the lad a better name, Nelly."

"Indeed!" she replied, demurely, "and what should that be? Sure I have no other to give him."

A few days afterwards this nameless young gentleman was created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford.

In his fourteenth year he was made a duke by an accident of death. Harry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, died at ninety years of age, leaving no successor to his title. Charles gave the name of St. Albans to Nell Gwynne's son, with the title of duke, making it hereditary. The present and tenth duke of St. Albans is a lineal descendant of King Charles and Nell Gwynne.

While under Charles' protection Nell lived like a princess. She received a pension of a £1,000, and gifts amounting altogether in five years to more than £60,000. Whenever she appeared in the parks for a drive her equipage had no rivals in magnificence. Petitioners with a case to push at court always found a powerful friend in her. She spent as she gained money, with open hand and liberal charity, and kept up an army of pensioners. Her home life was one round of pleasure. Titled rouses gathered nightly at her board, and sat far into the morning enchanted by the witcheries of their charming hostess. She loved nothing better than to try her fortune at cards, and lost and won large sums with equal indifference.

Numberless stories are told of her quick wit and charitable goodness. We read how, while driving up Ludgate Hill in a superb

coach, she came upon some bailiffs who were hurrying a poor clergyman to jail for debt and pawned her diamond rings to release him; how, one day, her coachman fought and was beaten by a street loafer who called his mistress a harlot, whereupon Nell told him "to never risk his carcass again save in the defence of truth;" how, driving through the streets of Oxford one day the crowd, mistaking her for another of the king's lemons, the Duchess of Portsmouth, hooted her until she put her head out at the coach window and said smiling, "Good people, you are mistaken. I am the Protestant hussey," and much more like it. We read, too, that she was the most popular of all the mistresses by whom Charles left his fifteen children, and that once, when the report got abroad that the king had presented this same Duchess of Portsmouth with a handsome service of plate, a mob gathered round the goldsmith's shop, loudly hooting the Duchess, wishing the silver was melted and poured down her throat and saying it was a thousand pities his majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madame Ellen.

Charles loved her to the last as he deserved to, for she is said to have been the only one of his mistresses who was faithful to him. His last words were "Let not poor Nelly starve." It would be unjust not to make note here of one good work this fair but frail beauty did for the kingdom whose ruler she ruled. But for her influence on the king, she obtained Chelsea Hospital for seamen. On this day a monument to English gratitude will be dedicated to the memory of the noblewoman who was from time to time Queen of Folly's Court.

The character of this eccentric Queen is such a mixture of inconsistencies that even her biographers have been puzzled whether to condemn or admire her. She was a creature of humors. She could be cruel and kind almost in the same moment. She respected neither persons or positions, only so far as suited her schemes and ambitions. Success was accepted as a matter of course, and adversity likewise. All of her actions were seasoned with recklessness from her birth up to the day of her death, which occurred in November, 1687, in her thirty-seventh year.

Notwithstanding the immense wealth that had been given her in one way and another, she died poor, leaving a large amount of debts. She was buried in St. Martin's in the field, unmarked by a small number only.

Will any mortal dead that, if Nell Gwynne's early life had been different from what it was, she would not have been an ornament to womankind?

(To be continued.)

MARRIED WHILE DRUNK.

A Midnight Wedding of Which the Groom Has Little Recollection.

The arrest last week in Brooklyn, N. Y., of Patrick Stanton, a youthful trackman, of No. 75 Kent avenue, Brooklyn, and his arraignment before Justice Kenna on charge of abandonment, brought out a curious story of marital adventure.

Stanton, who is only eighteen years old, is employed by Cross & Austin, lumber-dealers. His wife is a year younger and resides with her mother. Her maiden name was Evelyn Lambert. They both attended the moonlight picnic of the Greenpoint box-makers, which was held at Myrtle Avenue Park on the 6th of August. Although Stanton knew Miss Lambert by sight, he was not on speaking terms with her until that night, when she was introduced to him by Frank McCann, her escort. They danced together half a dozen times, and he and McCann drank considerable beer during the evening. At 11:30 o'clock the three started to go home. They were all in a jolly mood, and when they reached Schaefer's saloon, at the foot of Broadway, they all had more beer.

After leaving the saloon Eva asked McCann to marry her. He suggested that it was too late to find a minister. She thought otherwise, and Stanton chimed in, jokingly, as he was, and declared that he would marry her if McCann didn't.

They called on the Rev. Miller S. Hageman, at No. 52 Morton street, rang him up, and were conducted to the parlor. Stanton avers that he supposed all the time that Eva and McCann were to be married, and that he was to act merely as a witness. He does not, according to his story, distinctly remember what took place, but he afterward learned that he had been married to the girl, and that his friend McCann was the witness. The marriage certificate which the dominie made out proves this beyond a doubt.

Stanton swore that he would never be held by any such marriage and refused to live with his wife. The whole thing, he alleges, was the result of a conspiracy between McCann and the girl. The latter, on the other hand, declares that her proposition to McCann to marry her was made in fun, that Stanton thought the idea of a marriage was so good that he insisted, after McCann declined, on being the groom, and that he was not so much under the influence of liquor when they stood up before the clergyman that he did not fully know what he was about. As he had forsaken the contract and refused either to support her or live with her, she was going to bring him to terms by suing him for abandonment. "I am willing to do all I can to make him a good wife," she said.

"FOR BETTER OR WORSE,"

And Found to be "Worse"—A Bride of an Hour Breaks the Marriage Vow.

About four weeks ago William J. Leidecker, of 111 Springfield avenue, Newark, N. J., died, leaving his wife a saloon business, from which she secured considerable revenue. Since that time the widow, who if she is not decidedly handsome is not altogether ugly, has been looking around for a second life partner, and has been, it is said, on intimate social relations with several of her customers. Last Friday night a number of men were in her saloon when joke were passed from mouth to mouth, and foamy stimulants flushed the faces of all. Finally the hostess said she could marry any one she liked of their number.

"Take me," shouted Henry Obendinger, a thirty-year-old Lothario, who undoubtedly considered that if he caught the widow he would feather his nest nicely, as she had quite an income, while he was rather impulsive.

The widow "quite graciously" consented, and the following evening was fixed as the time for celebrating the nuptials. At the appointed time Pastor Schanzbach appeared on the scene, while the bridegroom looked as proud as a boy with a brand new top. The ceremony was performed and the guests proceeded to enjoy the festivities of the occasion. In a few moments the bride and one of the male guests were missed. The bridegroom made a hurried search and at last his suspect being aroused, went to the outhouse and found the door locked. It was broken open and the guilty bride and her paramour emerged. Obendinger was in a towering passion and appealed to the clergymen to untie the knot that had been tied so securely. Of course the man who had married the woman for better or for worse and had found her so much the "worse" could claim no satisfaction from this source and was told to take legal measures.

His ravings were painful to behold until copious potations of beer clouded his brain and induced him to sleep to settle down upon him. He was not put to bed, and the wife, forgetful of her drunken lover, went about attending to the wants of the guests. The next morning the new husband awoke and went into the saloon. Finding his wife there he knocked her down and took \$6 from her. Then he went up stairs and took from under the pillow her pocket-book containing \$60, and also appropriated her fine husband's watch. Then he packed up his worldly goods and had them removed to a neighboring nation, and it is said has left town. It is said that measures will be taken to secure a divorce. The wife visited the police station to have him arrested for larceny, but was told that inasmuch as he took his spouse's cash, the offense did not come under that head.

HE LOVED MARY ANN,

But Got into Bed and Trouble with her Sisters.

There resides off one of the main streets of Olneyville, R. I., a family named Lockin, in which there are three daughters, the oldest being Mary Ann, 19 years of age. For some time past Mary has been associating with a young man named Weadon, who resides near Lonsdale. One night last week, Weadon, it is alleged, arrived at Mary's home, and taking off his shoes, proceeded to enter the house by the side window, as he had probably done before. At the time the young man was somewhat under the influence of liquor, and instead of entering Mary's window, he entered the room in which her two sisters were asleep. The young man, on entering the room, took off the greater portion of his clothing which he placed on a chair. He then got into the bed where the girls were, and undertook to take improper liberties with one of them, when she screamed, awakening her mother. The young man at once realized the predicament he was in, and, jumping from the bed, made good his escape. At this point Mary reached the room, and at once recognized the clothing left by the Lonsdale youth, which she quickly seized and threw out the window, hoping that her mother would not see them.

The clothes were found in the yard by Officer Moon, who took them to the station. Later in the night Officer Carroll observed a young man roaming about with no hat, coat or vest on. He secured some clothes for him and let him go.

When he heard of the affair the following morning, he at once concluded that the person whom he had seen was the one wanted for the attempted outrage. He traced the fellow to where he was at work, near Lonsdale, and arrested him on a warrant preferred by the girl's mother. The case was brought up and the matter was settled for a certain sum of money.

In Ramsey's Canyon, Col., a 13-year-old-girl informed her father that in passing a Mexican wood-cutting camp she had been insulted by a Mexican boy. A mob went to the camp and compelled the Mexicans, nine in number, to whip the boy with knotted rawhide thongs, resulting in his death a few hours later. The girl subsequently said her story was not true, but told it for fun.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

NAT E. HUTCHINS.

THE CHAMPION LIGHT WEIGHT COLLAR-AND-ELBOW WRESTLER OF AMERICA.

Nat E. Hutchins

In this week's issue we publish a picture of Nat E. Hutchins, of the firm of Dufur & Hutchins of Malboro, Mass., the light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America. Hutchins stands five feet in height, weighs 138 pounds and was born in Waterbury, Vt., in 1851. From boyhood Hutchins has been a famous collar-and-elbow wrestler, and has won numerous matches. His first victory was over Edward Marsh, of South Troy, Vt. He then defeated Wm. Bagley, at Lowell, Mass. He followed up his success by defeating Henry McGlow, at Malboro, Mass. His first great struggle was with Patrick J. McGuire, for \$200. The match was decided at Malboro, Mass., and Hutchins won in 2 hours and 27 minutes. This contest stamped him as an out-and-out wrestler. Frank B. Maguire

PROF. W. N. LAKE,

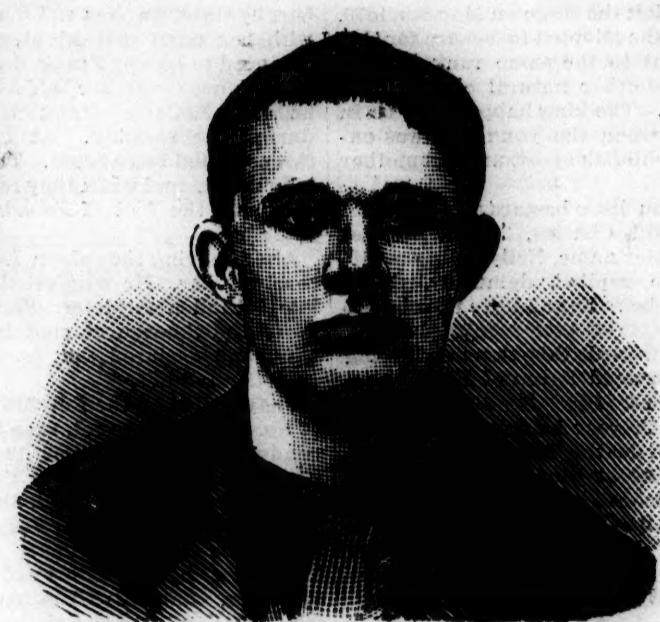
WALKED 780 HALF MILES IN 780 CONSECUTIVE HALF-HOURS AT LEXINGTON, KY.

5, 6 and 7, 1879, Hutchins contended against five of the best wrestlers in the world, and stood the test without losing a fall and winning the first prize, \$75, and the Championship Belt of America at 140 pounds. Failing to secure any matches at 140 pounds, Hutchins was matched against Michael Donahou, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a wrestler who had gained great fame by defeating John Bolac, of Vermont, in New York City. Hutchins only weighed 128 pounds on the night of the contest and was defeated after a desperate struggle. Hutchins claimed that he was over-trained. Hutchins' next match was to wrestle Adon Butler, of Adrian, Mich., for \$400. Hutchins won and then decided to meet Donahou, the famous New York wrestler again. He challenged Donahou to wrestle at 140 pounds for \$500 and the light-weight championship, and the match was arranged. The contest was decided in the east



ROBERT S. HALEY,

CHAMPION AMATEUR OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.



TOM THOMPSON,

CHAMPION WRESTLER OF MISSOURI.

was his next victim. The match was for \$200 and a gold medal representing the light-weight championship of New England. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, best three in five falls. The match was won by Hutchins who won three out of the four bouts in 2 hours and 29 minutes. Dell Lovejoy, of Grand Rapids, Mich., then challenged Hutchins to wrestle for the light-weight championship. A match followed for \$400, and Big Rapids was the scene of the contest.

Hundreds of dollars were staked on this contest for it was Michigan against Vermont. Hutchins, after an exciting struggle, was victorious again. He won three falls in succession in 1 hour and 55 minutes. During the light-weight championship wrestling tournament at Hudson, Mass., Nov.



JOSHUA WARD,

EX-CHAMPION OARSMAN OF AMERICA.

and after one of the most interesting struggles ever witnessed, Hutchins won, and regained the light-weight championship.

There is not the least doubt but that Hutchins is the light-weight champion and he is ready to back himself against any 140 pound wrestler living. Read his card sent to this office:

MELBOURNE, Mass.

Sept. 4, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir: — Please announce in the sporting department of the POLICE GAZETTE, that I hold the light-weight collar-and-elbow championship belt of America, and that I am ready to meet any man in the world and wrestle at 140 pounds, collar-and-elbow, according to the POLICE GAZETTE's revised rules of collar-and-elbow wrestling for any amount from \$100 to \$500 and the light-weight championship of America.

Any wrestler ambitious to win the-champion belt can send a deposit to the POLICE GAZETTE and name a time and place of meeting and I will then



FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE IN THE WATER BETWEEN OFFICERS AND CRIMINALS; BRIDGEPORT, N. J.



ADOLPH SCHADE,
ARRESTED IN CHICAGO, ILL., ON A CHARGE OF
EMBEZZLEMENT.

cover the forfeit and arrange a match. The POLICE GAZETTE to act as final stake-holder and select a referee.

For Liberty and Life.

Wilmer Haycock, his brother, John, and Christopher P. Keough, of Marcus Hook, went fishing on Raccoon Creek, Gloucester county, N. J., last week, and after their day's sport landed at the village of Bridgeport. Here they drank pretty freely and became engaged in an altercation with Terence McNulty, whom they met in a bar-room. The trio finally set upon McNulty and beat him so badly that it was at first thought he could not recover; then they fled. Squire Schlag, the village justice, started with a party of men in pursuit. At the creek shore the three ruffians leaped into their boat and put out into the stream. The pursuers procured boats, followed, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives. When the boats were almost side by side, one of the Haycock brothers rose from his seat armed with a gun, and threatened to kill any man who attempted to board his boat. He was instantly covered with pistols from the other boats and deterred from carrying his threat into execution. The three men vigorously resisted the attempts of the pursuers to make them prisoners, and a desperate struggle ensued. Squire Schlag's posse tried to climb from their boats into the Haycock's boat, but were repeatedly driven off. Finally, the boats in which the Haycocks were and two of the Bridgeport boats were overturned, and all the occupants were thrown into the stream. There the contest was renewed. The Marcus Hook party struck out for the shore, and had not taken many strokes before they were caught again by their pursuers. The three strained every muscle to free themselves, and the water was lashed into a fury by the fierceness with which both sides fought. A party of men from a fish-house went to the aid of the captors. Keough was stunned from a stroke by an oar and hauled out of the water in an exhausted con-

dition. Two of the Bridgeport party succeeded in holding Wilmer Haycock, until a third, "treading water," fastened the handcuffs on him. The capture of his brother, was, after that, an easy matter. Wilmer Haycock, who was the ringleader in the affray, was sent to jail. His brother and Keough were admitted to bail.

Caught by a Dog.

There is a dog on the corner of Bancroft street and Willow avenue, Omaha, Neb., which recently displayed such marked detective ingenuity as to certainly merit notice, if not a star. The sagacious animal belongs to M. O. Griffin. It seems that Mr. Griffin was awakened in the night recently by the barking of his dog in the yard. He got up, took his revolver and went down there. Not seeing or hearing anybody, Mr. Griffin went to his room and retired. But still Leo kept up his growling and barking something louder than before. Mr. Griffin again arose, went down stairs and stepped into the yard with revolver in hand. The dog approached him, licked his hand and then ran and leaped over the fence. The dog apparently meant his master to follow him. This Mr.

where he did not believe that the dogs could be so highly educated.

E. F. Duff.

Prior to 1880, the county clerk of Jefferson county was a man named E. F. Duff. He was a jolly kind of fellow and enjoyed the confidence of the people of Golden. Duff disappeared and an examination of his accounts discovered a deficiency of about \$10,000. Since that time he has been heard of at various points in the west, and is regarded as a dangerous and expert forger. He is of medium weight and build, about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, and has a rather dark shade of blonde hair. He has been accompanied most of the time by his wife, who is taller than himself, and his little daughter. An almost sure way to distinguish Mr. Duff is by his speech, which at times is

accompanied by a stutter, and almost always by a hesitation and false "motion," so to speak, that are very noticeable. There is now a re-



E. F. DUFF,
ACCUSING CLERK OF JEFFERSON COUNTY,
COLO.

ward offered of two hundred dollars, at Golden, Colorado, for his apprehension and arrest.

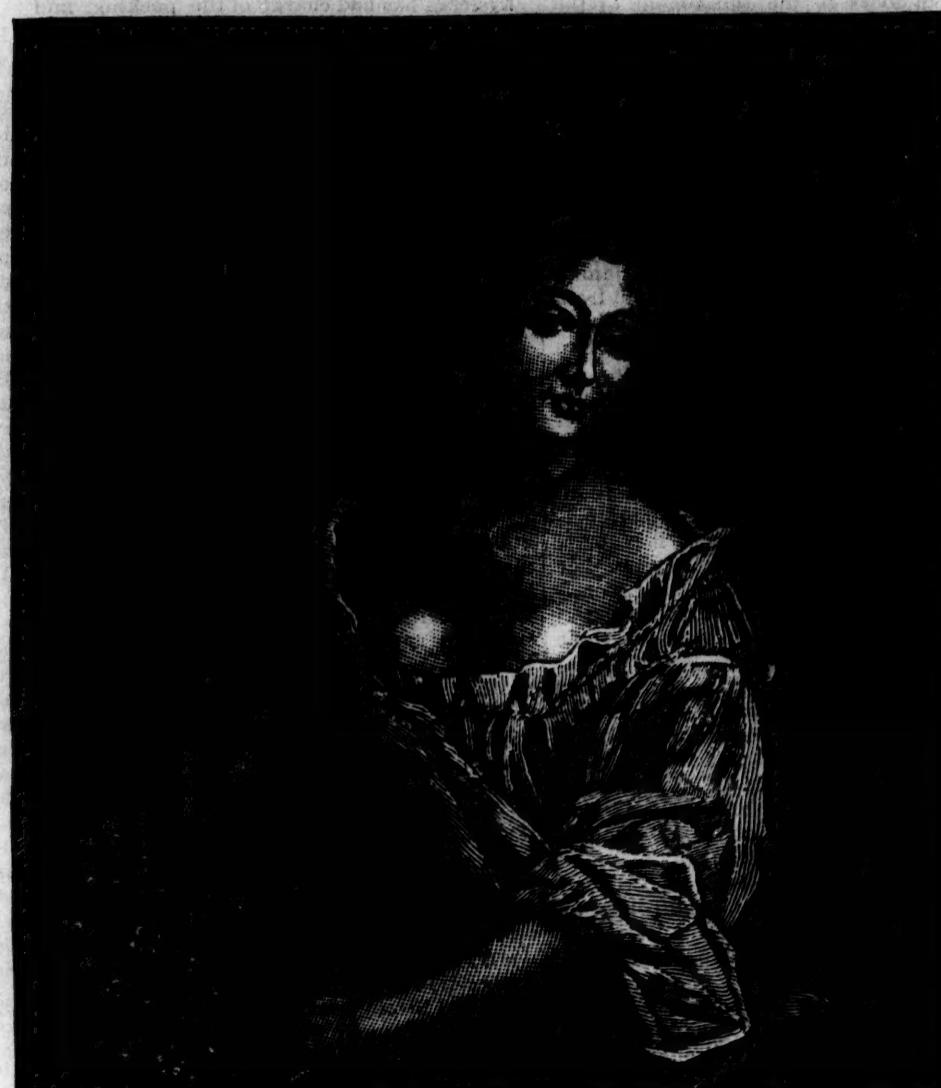
Prof. W. N. Lake.

In this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we present our readers with a faithful picture of Prof. W. N. Lake, the only rival of William Gale, the champion endurance pedestrian. Lake recently carried a rifle weighing 40 pounds and successfully completed the task of walking 780 half miles in 780 consecutive half hours at Lexington, Ky. Lake succeeded in his effort which lasted sixteen days and sixteen nights, during which time he carried the heavy rifle and walked half a mile every half hour. He only, it is said, slept the incredibly short period of ten hours and twenty minutes. If Lake did honestly accomplish the feat, and we have no proof that he did not do so, the performance is a wonderful one. The celebrated Grecian pedestrian, Corocbus, of Elis, who carried off the prize at the Olympic games, never excelled, if he ever equaled, the wonderful feat Lake is said to have accomplished. Lake is well-known in the West and Southwest, and has made several great performances. He is now anxious to compete against Gale in an endurance feat, and if the latter accepted, the race would attract considerable attention.

Adolph Schade.

Prior to last January, the cashier of the Third National Bank, of Pittsburg, Pa., was a young man named Adolph Schade. He disappeared about that time, and it is alleged that he embezzled \$10,000 of the bank's money. He was captured in Chicago, last week, by Detectives Simmons and Laughlin, and taken back to Pittsburg.

ELLA ST. CLAIR, formerly a variety actress in Mobile, married a negro who was indicted for miscegenation, whereupon she sprang into the river and ended her career.



FOLLY'S QUEENS—NUMBER ONE.

NELL GWYNNE.

THE ACTRESS, AND MISTRESS OF KING CHARLES II.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Massacred by Apaches.

A despatch from Tucson, Arizona, dated September 3, says: "The Star has advices from Fort Grant to the following effect: Three couriers have now come into Camp Thomas, all bringing the same news, that General Carr and his command have all been massacred by the White Mountain Indians thirty-five miles from Camp Apache. There were 116 men and 7 officers killed, all belonging to the Sixth Cavalry. The officers must be General Eugene A. Carr, Colonel Sixth Cavalry; Captain Edmund C. Hentig, Company D; First Lieutenant Charles G. Gordon, Company D; First Lieutenant William Stanton, Company E; First Lieutenant William H. Carter, regimental Quartermaster; Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, Company E; Dr. George McCreery, Assistant Surgeon."

The White Mountain Indians' reservation is located about 160 miles north of Wilcox, near the new Mexican line. The tribe numbers about 1,500 in all. They can muster 400 warriors. This is the only tribe of Apaches which have not been whipped into subjection. They were moved in 1876 into the San Carlos reservation, but were recalled and returned to their old hunting grounds, where they remained.

A despatch from General McDowell's headquarters at Presidio says: "A despatch from General Willcox says that he has received news by an Indian runner that Carr's command, including himself, six other officers and sixty-four enlisted men, were killed on the 31st ult., and that Piedro's men had killed seven or eight men, including an expressman, between Fort Apache and Camp Thomas."

A despatch received from General Willcox says that he has received news that a few of General Carr's command escaped at Cubico Creek, which is 40 miles west of Fort Apache. Those who escaped are fighting their way to Fort Apache, but their success is doubtful. Piedro's band attacked Fort Apache, but the commander of the department thinks that he must have been repulsed, and that he now holds the canon through which the road from Camp Thomas to Fort Apache passes.

SKETCHES OF OFFICERS KILLED.

General Eugene A. Carr was born in Erie county, N. Y., on March 20, 1830. He graduated at West Point in 1850, nineteenth in a class of forty-four. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the mounted rifles, and barring a short period during which he served as tutor in the cavalry school at Carlisle, Pa., was engaged for several years in Indian warfare in New Mexico, Texas and the Far West. In a skirmish near Diablo Mountain, California, in 1854, he was severely wounded, and for his signal bravery, intrepidity, coolness and excellent judgment he received a first lieutenant's commission, and was transferred to the First Cavalry. In 1857 he was ordered to Kansas, and during the troubles there was aid to Governor Robert J. Walker. He accompanied the lamented Sumner in the Utah expedition in 1858, and in June of that year was made Captain. When the rebellion broke out he was permitted to take command of the Third Illinois Cavalry (August 15, 1861), but he had already won a brevet lieutenant colonelcy in the regular army by his conspicuous gallantry at Wilson's Creek on August 10, where General Lyon fell. He commanded a brigade at Pea Ridge, and was wounded three times, but was not incapacitated. He was made a brigadier general of volunteers on March 7, 1862, and major in the Fifth Cavalry on July 17. He participated in most of the actions in Southwest Missouri. Throughout the Vicksburg campaign he commanded a division, and when the place capitulated he applied for and obtained a sick leave, and was off duty for six weeks, having previously been brevetted colonel for gallant conduct at Black River Bridge, Miss. During the last months of 1863 and the early months of 1864 he commanded the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, and participated in the principal battles in Arkansas and in the operations against Mobile. He was brevetted major general of volunteers on March 13, 1865, and was mustered out of the volunteer service on January 15, 1866. He was charged with the protection of the public buildings in the Department of Washington during 1867 and 1868, and was then assigned to active command in the West as major in the Fifth Cavalry, taking part in engagements against Cheyennes and Sioux, and against the hostiles in Colorado. He participated in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions after the Custer massacre. During the railway riots in 1867, as lieutenant colonel of the Fifth Cavalry, he performed excellent services at Omaha and Chicago. He was commissioned colonel and transferred to the Sixth Cavalry on April 29, 1879.

Captain Edmund C. Hentig was born in Michigan about 1845. He entered the regular service on June 12, 1867, as second lieutenant. He was made first lieutenant on December 23, 1868, and captain on November 15, 1876. He stood eighty-fifth in the lineal rank of captains.

Lieutenant Charles G. Gordon was born in North Carolina, but removed to California at an early age. He enlisted in the Second California Cavalry as a corporal on September 14, 1861, but was reduced to the ranks a year later. He was discharged on April 25, 1864. In 1867

he was commissioned second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry, and first lieutenant on February 21, 1870. He acted as regimental quartermaster from April 4, 1874, to September 3, 1878.

Lieutenant William Stanton was born in New York in 1844, and began his soldierly career as a private in the Forty-third Ohio on September 3, 1862. He left the service when his time expired, but in September, 1867, he was commissioned second lieutenant of the Second Artillery. In 1874 he was promoted to be first lieutenant. He was transferred to the Sixth Cavalry in 1877.

Lieutenant William H. Carter was born in Tennessee in 1851. He entered the Military Academy as a cadet-at-large in 1868, and graduated in the class of 1873. He was assigned to the Eighth Infantry as second lieutenant, and saw plenty of active duty on the Plains. In November, 1874, he was transferred to the Sixth Cavalry. He was appointed regimental quartermaster and first lieutenant on April 14, 1879.

Lieutenant Cruse, who was shot when attempting to arrest the "medicine man," and in whose defense the troops opened fire, was a Kentuckian by birth, and was born in 1858. He entered the West Point Academy on September 1, 1875, and was graduated in the class of 1879, being assigned to the Sixth Cavalry, Company E. He was a promising young officer and was highly esteemed for his many soldierly qualities.

Dr. McCreery was born in this State in 1854, and was appointed from New York as an assistant surgeon on February 17, 1880, with the rank of first lieutenant.

Bouncing the Boarders.

A case of a singular kind is before one of the New York courts. Miss Emma Van Loan keeps a boarding house at No. 52 East Ninth street in this city. Miss Van Loan, up to the close of last month, had a house full of boarders of both sexes. She had purchased part of her furniture from Thomas Willis, a dealer, of No. 8 Fourth avenue, on the installment plan, and he held a chattel mortgage on the goods. After she had paid \$985 on over \$900 worth of furniture she alleges that she discovered some of the articles to be defective and unserviceable. She brought a suit for breach of warranty and damages, and obtained an order to show cause why an injunction should not issue to restrain Mr. Willis from foreclosing the chattel mortgage or collecting the installments. The injunction was granted and a stay was also procured. Pending this it is alleged that Willis made a raid on Miss Van Loan's dwelling. It is alleged that Willis, at the head of twenty-four men of the roughest sort, went to the house, leaving six trucks outside, although one would have been sufficient, and that having obtained entrance they went to work to sack the premises, though Miss Van Loan offered to pay the installments due. This was shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, before many of the inmates had quitted their rooms and while others were seated at the breakfast table. It is sworn in a number of affidavits that Willis and his gang broke open the bedroom doors to the amazement of the occupants, many of whom were quaking with alarm in consequence of the noise and the roar made by the raiders. It is deposed that they turned several persons out of bed and took the beds on which they had been sleeping. Wardrobes and bureaus were opened and the contents were scattered over the floor. Clothing, ornaments, jewelry and all the hundred minor things that are deposited in wardrobes and bureaus, were flung hither and thither with a reckless disregard. One old gentleman of over 70 was unceremoniously aroused from his last nap and fired out of bed. He grabbed a sheet, and, wrapping himself in it, stood like a noble Roman defying his assailants. He seized the first available weapon, and made a furious lunge at the foremost of the raiders. Seeing that the old gentleman meant fight they hastily retired from his apartment. They attempted to break open the door of a room occupied by a lady, and on the accomplishment of their object they were met by a courageous woman with a revolver in her hand. "Don't come a step within my room," she cried, "for I'll shoot the first man who enters." They decamped to carry out their purposes elsewhere. While one group of assailants were at work upstairs another were at work in the dining room and parlor. The chairs on which the boarders were seated at breakfast were torn from under them and carried out of the house. It is alleged that silverware worth between \$200 and \$300 was also removed, as well as other stuff not included in the chattel mortgage. The scene in the dwelling is described as of a most dramatic kind. All this which is recorded did not happen without outrages and expostulations and threats. The behavior of the raiders is alleged to have been outrageous in the extreme. The whole neighborhood was aroused, and a crowd gathered in front of the house. This was highly unpleasant in itself, both to Miss Van Loan and her boarders, for remarks of a very disparaging character were made with reference to the house and inmates—the interested public not stopping to be accurately informed on the subject, and taking it for granted that six trucks and a score of hefty men were not there without good reason.

The coroner, D. J. H. B. Denton, said: "Everything goes to show that a skilful physician has had charge of the packing, and there was, almost beyond a doubt, malpractice. We could discover no indications of this on account of the condition of the body, but I found a new reason, if any more reasons were needed, for believing that a medical man packed the body. I find that five of the cervical vertebrae in the neck were left attached to the head, and the manner in which the head was severed from the body shows that a skilful dissecting knife did it, for the vertebrae were not bruised or roughly cut, as any but a surgeon would have done."

Freeport's Horror.

The mutilated remains of a woman were found in a swamp at Freeport, Long Island, last week.

The woman's age is now estimated at between 20 and 25, instead of 30 or 35 as at first. The remains were discovered by Joseph Richie of Freeport, on Friday evening. He was gunning in swamp about a mile and a half east of the village, and he saw two packages about ten feet apart. In the first were the head and arms of a woman, with her hair banded across her forehead. These were wrapped in part of a chemise and rolled in newspaper and bound with packing cord. The other package contained the trunk of the woman and her lower limbs. These, too, were wrapped in newspapers, but none of the papers were of a date later than Jan. 5, 1879. It is difficult to imagine a spot more perfectly calculated to conceal any object than this swamp. It is on the south side of the railroad track, and half a mile from the nearest house, which is itself away from other dwellings. It is overgrown so densely with dwarfed trees and underbrush, that it is difficult to force an entrance, and the swamp ground is so treacherous that no stranger could make his way through, or, being in, could get out in safety. The nearest roadway is at a distance of nearly half a mile. The packages were very heavy, and it is said that one man could not carry them both without great exertion. One point is universally conceded, namely, that whoever placed the packages in the swamp knew the ground thoroughly, and as the packages were probably carried there in the night, it is thought that somebody living in or near Freeport must have been present.

Dr. William Rhame made a post mortem examination in the case, and gave the following facts. They will serve, it is believed, to identify the victim:

The forehead had a scar that was evidently inflicted some years before death. It is not deep or very striking in appearance. It began over the right eyebrow, and proceeded in a curve upward over the nose, and then down again over the left eyebrow, and was over an inch and a half in length. The color of her eyes could not be told. The hair was a beautiful brown, and fashionably banded. It reached down as far as the eyebrows when the body was found, but probably it grew after the young woman's death. Life it is supposed to have reached a line below the middle of the forehead. The age of the deceased woman is variously estimated from 20 to 25 years. It is by the teeth, however, that the coroner looks for the strongest help in identifying the remains. Opinions differ as to whether she wore false teeth or not. In the lower jaw were four incisors, two canines, two bicuspids on the right side, and one bicuspis, one bicuspis root, one molar tooth and two molar roots on the left side. In the upper jaw were one canine, two molars, and two bicuspis roots on the left side, and on the right side one molar tooth, one canine, bicuspis roots and one molar root. The left lateral incisor was imperfect, as was the right canine.

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Perilous Performance.

A correspondent thus describes the remarkable performance of a female gymnast and high-wire walker, wheeling her child over a wire suspended one hundred feet from the ground at Louisville, Ky.:

"When everything was in readiness, obedient to a sign from her mother, the little one picked up a basket of flowers and clambered into the clumsy vehicle as composedly as though it were her baby carriage, and she about to be trundled across the park. Returning her mother's gaze with a smile of confidence, she nestled down into one corner, and the intrepid woman started, pushing her precious burden before her, on the perilous trip out into space. Arriving half way on her journey, she knelt down on the wire, and the courageous little girl rose in the barrow and scattered the bouquets right and left on her audience, who gazed up in breathless wonder and trepidation. Again the journey was resumed, and step by step, carefully, slowly, but surely, mother and child neared the end of their dangerous journey. Ten thousand persons were inside the tent, yet a death-like stillness prevailed throughout the vast audience as it fixed its gaze upon the woman who was slowly pushing the vehicle over the lofty wire.

The little child manifested not the slightest indication of fear, nevertheless many a mother's heart in that crowded circus tent trembled for the safety of the sweet-faced child who looked demurely down from its dizzy and dangerous roadway into the sea of upturned faces. Reaching the end of their

journey cheer after cheer greeted the successful performance of this perilous feat."

The Newest Thing in Suicide.

The latest novelty in attempts at suicide comes from Paris. A workman, having quarreled with his wife, withdrew to his room, seized a poignard, the blade of which was ten centimeters long, took a hammer, and, placing the point of the poignard on the top of his head, drove the blade home with a blow. Instead of dropping dead, as one would suppose, the Frenchman, it is declared by the *Siecle Medicale*, experienced no unusual sensation, either mental or physical. He thereupon endeavored to extract the poignard, but though he tugged hard, he tugged in vain. Doctors were sent for, who found themselves unable to extract the poignard. "The man," we read, "was ultimately taken to a workshop in the neighborhood, and there he was seated on the floor, while a block and tackle were used to draw the weapon from his skull." This operation having been successfully performed, he was sent to St. Louis Hospital and kept there a week, after which he was sent home. Scientific men, we learn from the *Siecle Medicale*, are racking their heads over the problem which this singular case presented.

He Boosted.

A young city swell was visiting a farmer's daughter near Jamaica, L. I., last week. The orchard was near by and the apples were tempting. He suggested that they go and get some and she readily consented. After gathering a few from the ground, the farmer's daughter proposed climbing the tree. The young fellow gallantly offered to boost, and when she had gotten partly up the tree he backed from under her. Suddenly she lost her hold and, sliding down, got jammed between the young man and the tree. The young man did not dare to stir lest she fall and he had to call for assistance to release the young lady from her predicament.

A Mule as Executioner.

Texas justice is often as unique as it is terrible. Last week in one of the interior towns of the Lone Star State a man was caught attempting to steal a mule. His captors organized a kangaroo court, found him guilty and sentenced him to death. This sentence was executed in the most horrible manner. The culprit was bound to a post, and the mule he attempted to steal was backed up in front of him and tormented until he kicked with both heels. This was continued until the skull of the poor wretch was rendered to a jelly and life was extinct.

THE NEW HAVEN MYSTERY.

[With Portraits.]

The coroner's jury in the case of Jennie Cramer, have concluded their work and returned a verdict that inclines one to think of the old fable of the mountain which labored and brought forth a mouse. On Saturday, Sept. 3d, the final labors of the jury were concluded.

Dr. Painter read to the jury the following statements of the results of the autopsy and the chemical analysis by Dr. Prudden and Prof. Chittenden. Dr. Prudden's statement was as follows:

"At the post-mortem examination of the body of Jennie Cramer, Aug. 8, 1881, the following facts were discovered: There were no marks of violence over the general surface of the body. There were numerous small abrasions and scratches over the face, and two circular wounds on the lower lip. All of them probably made after or about the time of the death. There was considerable congestion of the membranes of the brain; brain otherwise normal. The lungs were healthy, contained no water, and were fairly well filled with air. Heart healthy, and contained but little blood. Small quantity of reddish fluid in both pleura cavities. The stomach was healthy, and contained a small quantity of partially digested food, huckleberries, lean and fat meat, and mushrooms. The intestines were healthy. There was a small cystic tumor of the right ovary. The kidneys and spleen were healthy. At the time of the autopsy no marks of outrage concerning which definite conclusions could be drawn, owing to the advanced stage of local decomposition. The blood was dark colored and but little clotted. The post-mortem examination did not reveal the cause or manner of death. The appearance of the food in the stomach would indicate that it had been taken in about eight hours of the time of death. J. MITCHELL PRUDDEN."

It is understood that, in the opinion of Prof. Chittenden there were at least two grains of arsenic in Jennie Cramer's body at the time of her death.

Prof. Chittenden made the following report:

SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF YALE COLLEGE
"NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 1, 1881.

"To the Coroner's Jury, West Haven:

"I have made a careful chemical examination of various organs from the body of Jennie Cramer, and find, as the subjoined summary shows, considerable quantities of arsenic:

	Grains.	Grains.
Stomach and cesophagus.....	114	
Lungs.....	31	
Intestines.....	.025	
Liver.....	.028	Brain.....
Kidneys.....	.025	Heart.....
Heart.....	.028	Total.....

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

It is evident from these results that arsenic is contained in all parts of the body, and in such quantity as under ordinary circumstances would indicate a probably fatal dose.

"Respectfully yours, R. H. CHITTENDEN."

"By a more popular sort of measurement," added Dr. Painter, "there was found in Jennie Cramer's body a little less than eight-tenths of a grain of arsenic."

At the conclusion of the reading of these reports the hall was cleared, and the jury went into secret session to consider the testimony, and to endeavor to agree upon a verdict.

After a consultation of more than three hours, the jury agreed upon the following verdict:

"STATE OF CONNECTICUT,

"TOWN OF ORANGE, Sept. 3, 1881.]

The undersigned jurors, being duly impaneled and sworn to inquire of the cause and manner of the death of Jennie E. Cramer, late of New Haven, whose death was sudden and untimely, and the cause and manner of which were unknown, having viewed the body of said deceased and considered the evidence given to us, do on our oaths say:

"That said Jennie E. Cramer came to her death by poison and violence, and that James Malley, Jr., of New Haven, is criminally responsible for her death."

"We also find that Walter E. Malley, of New Haven, and Blanche Douglass, of New York city, are morally responsible for the same."

"In witness whereof we subscribe our names:

"DURELL SHEPARD, M. D., Foreman.

"HENRY W. PAINTER, M. D.

"S. L. MARSDEN.

"GEORGE R. KELSY.

"ASAHEL CURTIS.

"JAMES H. PECK."

Since the rendering of the verdict one of the jurors has developed a new theory. In conversation with a reporter the juror said:

"I have to-day come into possession of evidence which if it had been presented to us during the examination would have solved the mystery. The girl committed suicide. From what I have learned to-day, there exists no doubt in my mind of that fact."

"Did she commit suicide at West Haven?"

"No; she died right here in New Haven. I will tell you of what I have learned. Jennie, when she left her father's house on Thursday morning, was almost distracted. Her mother had talked to her in a very severe manner, probably warranted by the circumstances; but Jennie had always been petted and caressed, and the scolding overcame her. It was not the first time that she had trouble with James Malley. On another occasion she came home from a ride and told her mother that James Malley had made an insulting proposal to her. This, of course, was on the mother's mind when she charged Jennie with evil conduct. Jennie then went to the Elliott House with this Blanche Douglass. She remained there until Thursday evening, then she went out to walk with Blanche Douglass. They went into Sperry's drug store, as Hubble stated. They were waiting for James Malley. They met him, and Jennie and Jim went to a room in the Foote Building and remained all night. On Friday morning she began to realize her position, and begged Jim to marry her. He refused, and after he had gone Jennie took a dose of arsenic. She was an inveterate arsenic-eater and doubtless had some of the drug about her."

"Did it kill her?"

"No; her system had become too well used to it, so it only made her sick. James was greatly alarmed, and he took her out for a walk, and was seen by Hauser, the beer man, and his cousin. The next time Jim went to the room Jennie Cramer lay dead, having taken a heavy dose of arsenic. Of course, it put him in a terrible position. If he made an outcry the whole story would have leaked out, and he did not want to do that, so he consulted with friends."

"With Miss Douglass, probably?"

"Yes, and there's where he made a great mistake; that, and lying so has made all the trouble and placed him in a terrible position. Well, Jim and Walter and Blanche had a long talk over the matter. The boys wanted to consult Edward Malley, but finally yielded to Blanche's importunities to say nothing about it but quietly get away with the body."

"And that was done?"

"Yes; you remember that the barber's wife testified that Blanche and Walter were in consultation with a man in front of the Elliott House. That man was James Malley."

"How did the body get to West Haven?"

"That was a device of Blanche's. She cooked up a story to tell, and it was this: Jennie had been betrayed and committed suicide by jumping into the bay; that is if the body was recognized as Jennie's."

"These, I presume, are theories?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "they are the facts of which I have knowledge. I wish to make a few connections so as to make the link complete, and then I shall clear up the mystery."

It may be stated here that the jurymen was not aware that he was talking with a reporter.

What became of the testimony of those who asserted that they saw James and Jennie at the beach on Friday night?"

"It is very easy to be mistaken, and there are always people in such cases who allow their imagination to run away with them."

"Was not James at the shore that evening?"

"As I told you before, there are a few links yet to be found. I cannot say yet whether James went to the beach with the body or not. From what I have learned I believe that Walter and Blanche took the body down there and James remained behind. Three persons riding in a wagon would not attract a great deal of attention. The job, though somewhat disagreeable, was not a dangerous one, for it was not like a wounded body; there was no blood. The wagon was simply drove near the water, and the body of the poor girl was quickly thrown out, and then the parties drove away."

"When do you propose to make the story public?"

"Just as soon as I find out a few minor circumstances, unless I am forestalled by a confession from the Malley boys. They acted awfully foolish in the matter; they should have told the truth and shamed the devil."

"What was Jennie's character?"

"She was a very giddy girl, fond of life and pleasure. She had already saved up quite a sum of money, and intended to come to New York. Perhaps after all her death saved her from a life of shame. She had money hidden in her father's house."

"The testimony of James' family goes to show that he was home that Friday evening?"

"Exactly; and he doubtless was, except for a short time, when he was aiding in getting Jennie's body into the wagon. That was a part of the plan, so that he could not be implicated. I tell you that Douglass' girl is a shrewd one. She has lied from the very beginning, but we believed her latest story. She'll have to 'squeal' pretty soon, though. She took Walter Malley for a 'sucker,' and worked him for all he was worth."

CLEANED OUT.

A Toronto Barber Shop by a Man With Delirium Tremens and a Razor.

Last week an exciting incident, which almost ended in a tragedy, was witnessed in a barber shop on Victoria street, Toronto. While the barber was busily engaged in drawing a shaving blade over a customer's face, who reclined serenely in an easy chair, a long, thin, hungry-looking Yankee rushed into the shop, and, seizing a razor, brandished it wildly about his head. With his eyes almost springing from their sockets he glared demoniacally around upon another man who was waiting for "his turn" to be shaved, and with whom, as ill-luck would have it, he had a quarrel a day or two previously. Springing into the air the madman asked those in the shop if they acted to see a tragedy, and then told them that if they did he would let them have a big one on a moment's notice. Consternation was depicted on every countenance and confusion reigned supreme. The customer upon whom the madman's eyes first rested sought no explanations, but instantly sprang toward the door and turned up Victoria street at a two-minute gait. The man who was in the chair also caught the infection, and, preferring a fair field and no favor to close quarters in a small room with the madman, he also darted for the door, lathered and shaved as he was, with a towel around his neck. Being very fleet-footed he soon overhauled the first pedestrian, who was doing his level best to beat Maud S's record, imagining that his pursuer was none other than his enemy with the razor. On the heels of the second man was the barber himself, who was as much scared as any of them. Finally, after various cries of "Och! don't!" "Murder!" and "Police!" the first racer glanced over his shoulder, the better to dodge the fatal blow as it descended upon his neck, but his joy was overwhelming when he discovered that his pursuer was the man with the barber's towel around his neck and perfumed soap on his cheek. The latter took courage and peered around on his own account to see in his pursuer the barber, more frightened than any of them. The frightened trio halted, and, after catching their breath, hurriedly held a council of war. To go back and boldly face and, if possible, overpower the man with the razor was suggested, but the leader of the stamped party could not be induced for love or money to do anything half so foolish. The second party became suddenly demoralized, and, again taking up the running, was soon out of sight, apparently forgetful of the fact that he still carried some of the barber's linen with him. His whereabouts is still a mystery to the barber, who, however, retains the hat of the customer in lieu of the absent linen. In the meantime the madman inspected the yard in search of somebody to slay, and, finding none more convenient than himself, he slashed his own arm. He soon tired of his exercise, however, and decided upon visiting Henderson's saloon, at the corner of Adelaide street, in order to get another drink. He carried the razor with him, and ran into the affectionate arms of Detective Brown, who quickly embraced him. The razor was confiscated and the prisoner landed safely at police headquarters.

The unfortunate man, whose name was Charles Ellis, was suffering from an attack of delirium tremens.

FALLEN FROM GRACE.

A Missouri Christian Charged with Being the Father of a Nigger Baby.

The community three miles west of Otterville, in Morgan county, Mo., has been shaken from centre to circumference during the past few days over a scandal case which recently developed itself there, and it has proven a rich morsel, indeed, for the people of that neighborhood.

At the locality above stated resides Ellen Hubbard, who, until some months ago, bore an excellent reputation. But she has fallen from grace in the estimation of all good people. Although not the possessor of a husband she recently gave birth to an illegitimate child, which was conceded by all to have Caucasian blood in its veins. Of course the circumstance created not a little talk, and many were the conjectures as to who was the father of the "nigger baby," as it was spoken of by all. Speculation on this point was stopped by the following affidavit:

STATE OF MISSOURI,) Affidavit.

County of Morgan.)

Now, this day, comes before John H. Wendleton, a justice of the peace for and within and county of Morgan, Ellen Hubbard, and declares, under oath, that the father of her last child, the one which she now nurses, is Rufus Ross, and belongs to no one else, and I further say that any one else accused of being the father of my child is innocent.

her
ELLEN M. HUBBARD.
mark.

ROBERT GILBERT, Witness.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this, the 15th day of August, 1881.

JOHN H. WENDELETON, J. P.

To say that the affidavit created the wildest excitement does not half express the situation. The news flew from mouth to mouth until even the children on the streets discussed it like men of mature years, while the old women, looking over their spectacles, exclaimed in horror, "Do tell! Who'd a thunk it?"

However, it is no wonder that all Otterville was on the qui vive, for Rufus Ross is not of the smaller fry. He is about twenty-five years of age and the son of a highly respected tiller of the soil, residing something like two miles east of Otterville. Nor is this all. He is a young man of fine education, having taught school in that vicinity; is a member of the Southern Methodist Church of Otterville, besides being a Sunday school teacher and class leader in the same.

Mrs. Ellen Hubbard, the mulatto woman, says that Ross made advances to her last August, but she would not yield to his amorous embraces until some time in December, when she submitted to the white man's caresses. She says that he enjoyed only two rounds of his illicit love, but that was sufficient, and she soon became aware that in addition to the two miniature representatives of the African race that she retained as a memento of her husband, she was soon to have a Rufus Ross, Jr. She didn't care about this, however, but she wanted the man who was the father of the unborn Ethiopian to pay the fees and expenses while she was in a parturient condition. He very politely asked her to go to the devil, but Ellen objected. She thought she would find her way to the realms of his Satanic Majesty soon enough without taking the advice of her paramour. She told him if he would give her \$25 or \$30 to pay the expenses of her confinement the secret should go with her to the tomb. He told her to blow, and she took his advice, and soon after the devout people of Otterville were shocked by her affidavit charging the paternity of the octogenarian cherub upon Ross. He had told her she had better keep the secret to herself or he would caress her with a horsewhip. She concluded she would see his hand and go him one better, and she did. She hasn't felt the horsewhip yet.

The child is nearly white, is said to be quite handsome, and has the hair, eyes and complexion of its paternal relative. Ross strenuously asserts his innocence, but public opinion seems to be against him.

POLK POKED.

In a Lively Manner by an Outraged Husband—An Indiana Home that Was not Ruined by a Gay Boston Masher.

Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear until he tries them. So thought last Sunday the party who figures in this article as the intended victim of a Bostonian, named Duval F. Polk. For two years past a lady of remarkably good form and features has resided in Lafayette, Ind., with her husband, on south Sixth street. Their cosy home would be sheltered from the rays of the morning sun by the spire of the Second Presbyterian church if that orbit ever rose in the north. It is, however, within flirting distance of the house occupied by that aristocratic political organization known as the Lincoln Club. Several of the Lincolinates know this!

The husband of the heroine in the event is an Adonis of portly build and rejoices in the

occupation of a commercial traveler for a Chicago manufacturing house. He is a thumper of great skill.

Duval F. Polk, the would-be Don Juan in the narrative, is a gay and dashing Knight of the Road from Boston. He is a terror as a "masher," in the female sense. He is as fast as Pierre Lorillard's horse, Iroquois. Polk came to Lafayette on Aug. 20, and on that day began the racket.

Polk, with Boston ingenuity and colossal cheek, was not long in calling at the cosy house on Sixth street, already so studiously portrayed, and soon placed himself on good terms with such members of the family as were then at home. The husband soon came home, and the wife introduced Polk as a friend from her former home! Tea was served in course of time, and after that meal the evening was spent at cards. In conversation during the evening it transpired both gentlemen indicated an intention of leaving the city the next morning on business. Polk went to Crawfordville, but came back the same afternoon and called at his "old friend's" mansion, found the family circle full and whole by a happy matrimony. His scheme was completely ruined. He was still in the city and sent up a note to the house addressed to a member of the family, and enclosed a sufficient amount of money to pay his supposed dulcina's expenses to Indianapolis, at which place he desired her to meet him.

After a while the husband met Polk at the hotel, and Polk, believing the husband knew not of the plot or the note, accepted an invitation to go up and take tea with the folks. Here was where Polk gave himself away. When the husband and Polk had closed the door of the home that was sought to be ruined, the husband produced the note and money aforementioned, and immediately commenced to pound the would-be destroyer of his happiness. Polk was not much on prime ring accomplishments and certainly no match for the husband. To tell the truth, Polk told a certain friend that "hell had been whipped out of him." After Polk's caput, had been so soundly pounded that it resembled a calf's head one sees on exhibition in a butcher shop, the combat closed and an explanation was demanded. Polk stated that certain festive friends of his had put up a job on him and he had not expected any such visitation of the manly sort, and continued to repeat certain many rumors he had heard about the woman at the bottom of the affair. This only served to make the husband more enraged than ever and so he commenced an almost one-sided combat, and ceased only when there was not a vein spot on Polk's face to make blue. After this had occurred the husband went down to the hotel and paid Polk's bill and procured his sample case and valise, remarking Polk would leave for the depot from his house, as he intended to take an early morning train. At the depot both of the late combatants appeared very friendly and an affectionate farewell took place. Both even entered the train together where husband and Polk remained in conversation until the conductor shouted "all aboard." What could have brought about such a conclusion is something the readers must determine for themselves. Husband seemed anxious to cover up the victim for fear the news might reach Polk's family or his employers.

RIOT AT A CAMP MEETING.

Last Sunday afternoon, at the close of the colored meeting exercises at Brownsfield's Grove, three miles south of Uniontown, Pa., a shooting affray occurred in which several men were wounded. It seems that a dispute arose between one Goldsborough and the proprietor of a cigar stand. Goldsborough got hit with a beer bottle, and this was the signal for a regular riot. Several parties began fighting, others used stones and sling-shots, and for a few minutes a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Thomas Gilbert, colored, was shot in the back part of the thigh, the ball following the bone and lodging beneath the muscle. He says a man named Sweeny shot him and another man hit him on the head with a hand billy. Thomas Green was badly cut and others more or less injured. Young Walker was hotly pursued by his assailants, but made good his escape by extraordinary running. More than a dozen shots were fired. The cause of the trouble was bad whisky, it being sold on the ground, within sound of the preacher's voice.

WHEN Lilly Picket, of Philadelphia, Pa., learned that her sweetheart, Caleb Plunket, was lavishing his affections on a damsel named Rachel Green, she armed herself with a hatchet and went hunting for her rival. Rachel was found, and fifteen minutes later she was on a stretcher journeying toward the Pennsylvania Hospital, where the doctor sewed up four serious wounds on her head and another on her left shoulder.

THREE Michigan girls made up a party and eloped with a young man. By going to three different ministers, he married all his companions; and then they went on a tripartite bridal tour.



TO THE DAGGER'S HILT!

THE EFFORTS USED TO DRAW A POIGNARD FROM A FRENCHMAN'S KULL; PARIS.



KICKED TO DEATH.

THE TERRIBLE VENGEANCE WHEEDED UPON A MULE THIEF; WACO, TEXAS.



PIETY VERSUS FUN.

A TRULY GOOD WOMAN EXHORTS HER HUSBAND TO PRAY UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES; CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.



HE BOOSTED,

BUT SHE SLIPPED AND PLACED HIM IN AN AWKWARD FIX; JAMAICA, L. I.



A MOTHER'S PRIDE.

A FEMALE GYMNAST WHIRLS HER BABY OVER A TIGHT-ROPE; LOUISVILLE, KY.



MURDERED BY APACHES.

THE TERRIBLE MASSACRE OF GENERAL CARR AND HIS GALLANT COMMAND NEAR FORT APACHE, ARIZONA TERRITORY, ON AUGUST 30th, 1881.

THE MAN-TRAPS OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I BECAME AN AUTHOR.

Not long ago a friend from the west visited New York for the first time. He was a young man and a bright one. He knew every hole and corner of most of the great western cities like a guide book, and it would be about as easy to catch a shark with a bent pin as to have victimized him by any of the tricks and devices in use among the sharpers of his own section.

But in New York it was a very different matter.

Not that he thought so. On the contrary, when I expressed my regret that important business would prevent my seeing him around, he replied, laughingly:

"That's all right, old boy. I can take care of myself, you bet."

And he started out to do it.

Within a week he knew half a dozen gambling houses, twice as many mansions where Phryne and her fair but illusive sisters pander to man's passion and deplete his pocket-book, and could call the waiters at the Empire and the Buckingham by their christian names.

But this ability was of small comfort to him, for he hadn't the wherewithal to enable him to put it in practice. In plain English, he was dead broke.

"I don't know where the deuce it went," he said mournfully. "I had fifteen hundred dollars in cash and a six hundred dollar watch when I came here, and now you've got to lend me money to get breakfast with."

I lent it, of course, but I couldn't help remarking as I did so:

"I thought you knew New York."

"I know it a good deal better now than I did a week ago," he said with a groan.

And he went out to telegraph for a return ticket and wonder what he should do till it came.

I found him that night drinking lager in a schooner house and making inquiries of the waiter as to the nearest way to the North river, and the time the tide was on the ebb, and strove to comfort him.

"Cheer up, dear boy," I said. "There's many a man been there before you."

"That's just what I'm kicking about," he replied.

"How so?"

"Because they kept their experience to themselves and didn't give anybody else the benefit of the warning. Now look here, Videocq (my chums long ago christened me in a friendly glass of lager after the great French thief-taker.) I may as well remark here, why don't you do it?"

"Do what?"

"You know all the tricks and tricksters of the town, don't you?"

"Thanks for the compliment, I think I do know most of them."

"Then why not put your knowledge into print and give the outside boys a chance."

"I never thought of that before, I'm sure."

"Then think of it now. I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"If you'll write the 'Man-traps of New York' up, you shall have the benefit of my experience to help you. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," I replied.

A week later my friend dropped in on me with his watch out of the pawnshop, where I had traced the thief who had got away with it, and a roll of bills in his hip pocket with a revolver to keep them company.

"I'm off to-night," he said. "Here's my contribution to the great work."

And he laid a roll of paper on my desk.

"It will be illustrated, of course," he said.

"What will?"

"The book."

"I guess so."

"Well, here's the portrait of a 'sucker' for a frontispiece then."

And, laying a photograph of himself beside his manuscript, he made a rush for a passing car and was off before I could say good-bye. I put his photograph on my mantel and his manuscript in my pocket, and that night smoked my pipe over it. From reading I got to writing. My pipe burned out, the night wore out, and at last I found myself staring out of the window at the broad daylight, with a pile of manuscript on the table before me, the last page still wet from my pen.

I had become an author without knowing it. Or rather commenced to be one, for I kept it up until my work was done.

By the time it has finished being printed I hope to get the ink scoured off of me, though the druggist tells me my complexion will be permanently darkened. However, if the labor that caused it does any good I am willing to endure the affliction. If the fruit of that labor

causes as much interest on the part of the readers as it gave me pleasure in cultivating it, I will be certain that I have not worked in vain.

CHAPTER II.

DEPOT AND FERRY SWINDLES.

To commence at the beginning, some words in regard to the experts who manipulate the man-traps of New York are in the right place. In a general sense, let me warn the new comer in New York against trusting a stranger. Do not cultivate the acquaintance of a man who introduces himself. He may not be a knave, but the chances are more strongly in favor of his being one.

Neither do you surrender yourself to the blandishments of the young ladies whom you meet in the streets after dark, and who are willing to have you speak to them. Society belles are not in the habit of making acquaintances in this way, however much the gorgeous get-up of the sirens in question may incline you to the contrary belief.

It is not necessary to show everyone you meet how much money you have got. Honest men do not care a snap for the information. Dishonest ones are better, for your sake, left ignorant of it.

When a stranger offers you a chance to get something for nothing tell him you don't want it. You will save money by purchasing at full price.

Don't go to a twenty-five cent lodging-house if you can pay for a room in a decent hotel; don't go to bed with your door unlocked or blow your gas out, and don't present the hall boy with a quarter every time he answers your bell. If you do he will set you down for a fool and take advantage of you whenever he can. To be sure he will look upon you as a stingy fellow if you do not tip him, but it is better to pass for a miser than an idiot, nowadays.

I don't need to tell you to keep sober, for you do not drink, of course. But when some friend of yours does visit Gotham, just tell him it for me.

When you feel like paying your respects to Bacchus, do it in a decent bar-room. Good liquor costs no more than bad, and there is a deal more satisfaction in putting it where it will do the least harm.

Above all things, do not undertake to explore places even the police do not venture into without the hand upon the pistol, alone. You may be a great man in your own place and a terror when you get started, but the New York lawbreaker has no respect for such reputations when there is anything to be gained from those who enjoy them. Keep your head clear, in short, your eyes open and your tongue where it belongs, and the chances are you will see all of the elephant you want without paying more than the price of his whole carcass for the view.

To return to the subject involved by the heading of this chapter—

Travelers who come to New York come, as a rule, by the ferries on the North River, and the railroad depots up-town. At least it is by these avenues that the chief prey of the Metropolitan swindler enters the city. Consequently these places receive a goodly share of the M. S.'s attention.

There is always an army of adventurers on guard at a great railroad depot, and this army has skirmishers out all along the line, who board trains at stations, make acquaintances and gain the confidence of unsuspecting travelers, only to turn them over to the mercies of their confederates in the city. In addition to these skirmishers and the main guard with whom they work in collusion, there are guerilla swindlers, operating on their own hook, always ready to prey upon the country hicks who bring a bundle swinging to the stick and five dollars in change in his pocket, and the prosperous out-of-town merchant, with plentious pocket-book and a sturdy bank account behind it.

And the way they can smother a plentious pocket-book and make the sturdies bank account look sick within forty-eight hours would be a caution if the victim of their wiles only knew as much of it as I do.

These beleaguers of the depots include every class of Metropolitan fool hunters.

In their ranks we find the gaming-house roper-in, the bawbo steerer, confidence operator, and a miscellaneous mosquito brigade of agents of immoral houses, pick-pockets and the like rag-tag and bob-tail of the criminal world. Nor must the ladies be forgotten, for the female blackmailer hooks many a rich gudgeon from the living tide the railroads pour into the metropolis.

The same sinister but plausible flock of human vultures hovers about the ferries. You find them around the Brooklyn and Long Island ones, but they gather in greatest force at the North River wharves where the Central railroad at Liberty street and the Pennsylvania, Erie and other lines further up, land the passengers from their Jersey depots. The Pennsylvania ferry, at the foot of Cortlandt street, is especially cursed by them. Over that green road, with its scores of trains a day bearing travelers from the most opulent sections of the continent, comes a steady influx of strangers for the swindler to operate on.

The Cortlandt street thieves operate all the way from the North River to Broadway. They work in the street, as the detectives in the ferry-houses do not permit them to lounge there.

These men dress neatly but plainly, as a rule,

to look as much like business men as possible. They continually move from one place to another and

they make no particular effort to attract notice. They claim to be traveling salesmen, giving their address only when asked, and getting victims than by sounding or hitting quietly in one place.

But they have several rendezvous in the neighborhood of the ferry.

The way the game is generally begun is an old confidence trick, but seems to succeed very well with the average stranger. Two of the tricksters select a countryman, the older the better, and separating, one of them goes up to him and says quite cordially:

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Smith? how are you to-day. How are all the people up in Smithville?"

Mr. Smith looks astonished and gasps out that there must be some mistake, that he doesn't know this enthusiastic young man at all. The latter then looks puffed, and says earnestly:

"Why, ain't you Mr. Smith, of such a place?"

"Oh, no, sir; you are mistaken," says the countryman, "my name is not Smith. I am Mr. So-and-so, and I came from Chappaqua."

or some other place.

The thief begs pardon, and leaving the countryman at once, runs across the street and informs his accomplice of the intended victim's real name and residence. The乡man thus prepared, follows the greenhorn a few blocks, heads him off, and accosts him by his real name and address.

The rustic is surprised to meet a man he knows him and at once cudgeles him to remember when he has met the man before. The latter has some ready invention, and the stranger, unsobered in the ways of wicked Gotham, is only too glad to find some one who knows him. From that moment he is subject to all the tricks, both stale and novel, which are known to the confidence profession.

The streets and groceries around the Liberty, Chambers, Desbrosses, Christopher and other West-side ferries and in the neighborhood of the great ferries over the East River, from the Hamilton ferry at the Battery, up to Grand street, are haunted by similar sharpers, whose methods are about the same. What their devices are will be our business to detail more minutely in other chapters.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

The Illustrious Love of a Young Gentleman in a Travelling and a Not Yet Divorced.

The camp meeting at the home of Philadelphia Baptist, Senator H. J. has an ugly scandal, which has been the cause of much trouble and heretofore supposed to be the highest degree, and whose head is the shadow of one of the visiting clergymen and his wife. It appears that the hotel-keeper, for some time has been keeping company with a woman of questionable reputation who has been secretly living in the shadow of one of his hotel. On Saturday morning who is an estimable lady, met the guilty pair and pounced upon them with fury. After knocking her sun-shade over her husband's head she flew at the woman and tore her face with her nails. The woman was badly maimed before the man made any protest. It is said that after knocking his wife down and kicking her in an inhuman manner, the coward ran away and sought himself outside of the camp-meeting settlement. His paramour hastened to the scene of the latest in this a train for Philadelphia, where she lives.

On Sunday morning a brother of the ill-fated wife arrived at the park. Meeting his sister's husband in the evening he gave him a terrible chastisement. The hotel-keeper had to go to Philadelphia on Monday morning to obtain surgical treatment. The popular verdict is that it served him right. The brother promises to give the hotel-keeper similar punishment should he again meet him. The injured wife has gone to Philadelphia to begin divorce proceedings.

"PLAYED FOR SUCKERS."

Last week Mrs. Meeker and Mollie Mack, a New Castle, Ohio, girl of uncertain age, and considerable dash, for breast and paint, etc., met a couple of scoundrels and picked them up for practice, the two females trying to come the vicious dodge by the drummers, who invited them to a ride and pleasant time at Aspinwall. They agreed at first but finally allowed themselves to be persuaded to go. So they all took a ride and soon were whirling, talking pretty nonsense and feeling quite royal indeed. And why shouldn't they? Had they not struck an illustrious mark, and were they not going to strike it rich? You bet!

Just before they came to Aspinwall the drummers asked the girls to loan them their diamonds, whereupon they refused, or rather particularly agreed, when they struck town. The girls, you girls! did as requested, and thought it would be all square in the morning. When they arrived the scoundrels took them to the best lay-out in town and got rooms for them, and then the drummers went below for a few minutes. They did not and never will return, but left the smart old cyprines to weep and mourn and get home as best they could.

THREE OF A KIND.

No. Three Women Ending at a Chamber Cuss' Att-
tempt to Court Them Women at One Time

A young man named George Col. last week attempted to court three women at one time, which may be described as a "three marriage-bell" attempt. The three women called, however, were not the same. Charles Meeker, the man who shot was directed, has been paying attentions of a rather suspicious nature to Mrs. Bennett, and has at the same time been courting Mrs. Emmett, and the two women are in a certain degree in competition with each other. The first woman, Mrs. Bennett, is a widow, and the second, Mrs. Emmett, is a young girl. The third, Mrs. Crofton, is a widow. All three women are of good family and education. The young man, however, has been received with but one exception to the others. At all events the two women matters are becoming by taking out a revolver and firing a bullet at the other.

The great cause of the difficulty, according to the statement of Mrs. Bennett, was that she advised her sister to run away that night with the young lady from Lawrence county, and the young man followed her.

This allowed the man to Meeker came from the West in search of gold and had no right to interfere with the rights of others. In addition to this he had been borrowing for the sum of \$1000, which he had never repaid. Mrs. Bennett is a strikingly handsome woman, being a blonde.

Another circumstance in the affair is that the Lawrence street lady loaned Meeker \$25 for some foolish object which he expended for improper purposes and which caused a little unpleasantness for a while. This young lady has also been receiving attentions from another gentleman, who has seemed completely in love with her, and who has expended a good deal of money in polite attentions to her. The Lawrence street lady is a tall blonde and is considered quite good looking.

Meeker, the swindler, and Mrs. Emmett after the shooting, and it is rumored that they attempted to avoid a scandal by leaving town.

However, there may be Officer George was too faithful an official to let the matter drop, but summoned four men as witnesses for the prosecution. Meeker immediately entered a complaint against Mrs. Emmett for assault with a deadly weapon, but on going to arrest her the constable found she had left town.

Subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that she had gone to Colorado Springs in company with "Mother" Ullman, of Seventeenth street, and several other women. She will, however, be brought back and the whole affair brought before the courts.

Meeker and Crofton are both quite young men between twenty and twenty-three years of age. They have attempted to pass for dandies who have just left home, but show in various ways that they have travelled.

The great moral of the whole affair, however, is this: That only a man of consummate genius can successfully court three girls at the same time.

GONE WITH A YOUNGER MAN.

A Providence Wife Gets a Divorce and Scoots With Her Lover.

For some two years past there has resided near Smith street, Providence, R. I., a man and his wife, the former being in business downtown. About one year ago the wife discovered that her husband was not exactly true to her. Soon after she met a young man, whom she fell deeply in love with. About six months ago she applied for a divorce, unknown to her husband. After the petition had been heard before the court, the husband got wind of the matter. He then went to his wife and begged her to withdraw her application for divorce, which she promised to do. Whereupon he commended and continued to heap favors and treating her in the kindest manner.

Nothing more was heard by him of the divorce, and he supposed that the woman had withdrawn it. Matters went on until some two weeks ago, when, on arriving at his home one evening he was much surprised to find his wife missing. On investigating the matter he found that all this time the woman had been working hard to get her application for a divorce granted, in which she succeeded. She has since, it is understood, been married to her young lover. The deceived husband is now lodging in a boarding-house on Martin street.

FATHERED!

A Baby Boy in Pittsburgh Whose Mother Enjoyed Life Without the Sanction of a Clergyman—A Faithless Lover Brought to Time by two Unsympathetic Police Officers.

Some time ago a young man was employed in one of the mills at Pittsburg, Pa., and boarded near the place of his labor. At a picnic he made the acquaintance of a young lady whose home was in Allegheny, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship and finally into love. Although this couple loved they loved not wisely, and the result was that on a balmy evening in the summer time the young lady called at the boarding place of the young man and asked to see him. He was called and went into the parlor, where he found her in waiting. Her mission was soon explained. She wanted him to go with her at once to some person empowered to administer the marriage ordinance and make reparation for the wrong he had done her. He agreed, but proposed that they should go "over to town" (meaning, of course, the old city) and have the ceremony performed by an alderman. Accordingly they crossed the Monongahela, but as it was somewhat late they did not succeed in finding a squire to tie the knot. The young man then suggested that the matter be deferred until the morrow, and offered to meet her at a certain hour when it would be possible for him to leave his work. The girl consented, and, in order to facilitate matters on the following day, concluded to remain at a friend's house instead of returning to her home in Allegheny. She had some misgivings, however, and, in order to make herself safe, engaged a friend to watch her lover and see that he did not run away. The friend kept his eye on the young man, saw him leave his boarding house early in the morning with his working clothes on and go in the direction of the mill, and, concluding that all was well, he paid no more attention to him. It happened that the lover suspected he was watched, and for that reason went to the trouble to really go a part of the way to the mill where he was employed, although he had no intention of going to work. Returning shortly afterward to his boarding house he donned his best garments, packed his valise, and left Pittsburg, but whether he went no one knew. Several months passed away without any tidings of the departed lover reaching the hapless Allegheny maiden, and in the meantime she became the mother of a fine boy. Not long after this event took place a friend sent her a marked copy of a newspaper published in a town in the interior of Ohio. In the paper was a brief account of a concert that had taken place in the town, and among the list of performers was the name of her faithless lover. There was no mistake about the name. The initials were the same and she had known her affianced to have been a singer. Without delay she went before an alderman and had a warrant made out for him, and a constable, with the document in his possession, was soon on his way to the Ohio town.

Here we will imitate the novelists and drop this thread of the story in order to relate what had befallen the runaway since he took his sudden flight. After he had settled in the Buckeye town and had obtained employment, he laid siege to the hand and heart of a rich farmer's daughter. The farmer was reputed to be worth about \$50,000, of which the daughter was to receive a liberal share when she came of age. The young man was good looking, and made an easy conquest of the young lady's affections. The girl lived with a brother on the outskirts of the town, and her father dwelt about seven miles away, in the country. On a Saturday night our hero was with the girl, who had just promised to become his wife, and an arrangement had been made for him to remain over night in the house, and the next morning he and the girl were to drive to her father's residence and ask his consent to the marriage. About midnight every person in the house was in bed with the exception of the young couple, and the girl, taking a lamp went into the cellar to get her beau a lunch. While she was in the cellar a knock came to the front door, which was answered by the young man, and when he went to the door he was astounded to behold before him a Pittsburg constable and the sheriff of the county in which he was then sojourning. The warrant and a requisition were produced and the young man went with the officer, not waiting until his girl returned from the cellar. When she did return her lover was gone, but it was not until morning that she discovered what had become of him. He was in the county jail, there to remain until the next day (Monday), when he was to be taken back to Pittsburg. The young man secured the services of a lawyer, however, who discovered the process by which his client was to be extradited was illegal, and he was set free. The Ohio girl, in the meantime, was true to him, and steadfastly refused to believe that her lover was guilty of the charges made against him, but her friends were not imbued with quite so much confidence, and the brother refused him admittance into the house. Still the girl clung to him, and would have married him had not the Allegheny girl appeared suddenly in the town, accompanied by the result of her over-conf-

idence in mankind. This was too much for the farmer's daughter, and she gave the young man the "shake." The Allegheny damsel then tried every means to induce him to marry her, but in vain, and she returned disconsolate to her home. The young man at this juncture concluded to return to the old country (he was not a native of this country), but before doing so he returned to Pittsburg and put up at his old boarding house. The girl whom he had wronged was not long in discovering his presence in the city, and, going before an alderman again, she had another order for his arrest issued. A constable called at the boarding house, but the lover eluded him, and at 2 o'clock in the morning entered the Union Depot with the intention of taking a train for the East. This time he was caught, as there were two policemen in waiting ready to arrest him, and he spent the remainder of the night under arrest. The next day he concluded to marry his first love and accordingly the ceremony was performed.

TO PAY THE PIPER.

A Pretty Girl Seeks to Redress Her Wrongs by a Law-Suit.

A very heartless case of betrayal of a young lady's affections, her subsequent seduction and desertion, came up in Montreal, Canada, recently, on an application to authorize Miss Adeline Marcey of St. Jean Baptiste Village to sue Arthur Lapierre, son of an extensive spot and shoe maker in Montreal, for damages.

The declaration of plaintiff alleges that about the beginning of April, 1880, Lapierre was introduced to her, and afterward visited her with the avowed intention of securing her hand in marriage. He asked her subsequently to become his wife. Upon her consenting, he assured her that on becoming of age he would lead her to the altar.

About the beginning of May, he told her that he could not delay the wedding any longer. Although his parents refused their consent to the match, he was ready to go to Boston with her, where they could be married by a Protestant minister.

Accordingly, a few days after they left for Boston to be married. While in Boston, she asked him to write to his father, asking his consent to their marriage by a Catholic clergyman, as she could not consent to be married by a Protestant minister.

Lapierre received an answer to this letter, and then cruelly left her alone in that city.

She returned to Montreal, and, on the 22d of December, became the mother of a girl. He acknowledged the paternity of the child, and again said he would marry her, which accounts for her delay in bringing this accusation against him.

The lady is exceedingly attractive, belongs to a respectable family, and has hitherto borne an irreproachable character.

HIS HONOR SATISFIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tyson live at No. 199 North Halsted street, Chicago, Ill. Several weeks ago a young man named Edward Carroll became acquainted with Mrs. Tyson, and succeeded, by the plentiful use of whiskey, sweetened with honeyed words, in alienating her affections from her husband. Finally Mrs. Tyson left her husband altogether and went to live with young Carroll, but after a short trial of her new lover, she became dissatisfied with him and wanted to return to her husband's arms. The husband consented to receive her, but insisted that she must make reparation for the wrong done him by shooting young Carroll. She consented. Tyson took his revolver and his wife and started out to hunt for Carroll. They met at the corner of Desplaines and Ewing streets. Tyson drew the revolver, cocked it, and handed it to his wife. She pointed it at Carroll and pretended to try to shoot, but when Carroll ran away she gave the revolver to her husband again. He put it in his pocket and leaned against a fence. The revolver was accidentally discharged and the bullet lodged in Tyson's great toe. Then the two happy people went home satisfied.

HORSE AND WIFE SOLD.

For about one year past there has been residing on Jenkins street, Providence, R. I., a family named Baileys, consisting of man and wife. Some little time since there arose some trouble between the two, which of late has grown to be of quite a serious nature. One night last week when the husband went to his home he found that his wife had gone to her own home, taking with her some of his presents. He also found that his horse had been taken, where to he knew not. He kept quiet in the matter, and about three days later trailed the horse to a man living on the outskirts of the city, where his wife had left the animal to be sold. The day following he went to the place, and was lucky enough to arrive just after the animal had been sold.

The woman did not hint to the seller of the animal of her having trouble with her husband, and the stable-keeper, therefore, naturally thought that she had sent her husband for the money, and accordingly paid it over to him. The husband smilingly placed the money in his pocket and returned to his house, congratulating himself upon his success in getting what his horse brought.

HUMAN ODDITIES.

A GEORGIA farmer mistook his ragged son for a scarecrow at a distance, and playfully shot a bullet into him.

An eminent judge of Indiana, now indulging in his annual debauch, has broken a faro bank at the Hoosier capital.

BING sued for breach of promise by one girl just as he was about to marry another, a St. Louis young man committed suicide.

GEORGE DOANE, a leading lawyer at Erie, Pa., became insane at a camp meeting, and believes he is the youngest of twenty-three sons of Jehovah.

W. CRAWFORD, aged twenty, died at Matamoras, N. Y., in great agony from the effects of eating one hundred and fifty clams at one meal on a wager.

JAMES WILT, aged eight, engaged in a mock duel a few evenings ago with a playmate, both fighting with lath swords, and received a blow on the head from which he died.

THE diversion of a fire company at Seymour, Ind., is to run their engine to the residences of persons who have become objectionable and drive them out by flooding the houses.

JOHN CARR, of Philadelphia, bought a plate of soup at Bruner's restaurant and when asked to pay for it forcibly responded by striking the restaurateur over the head with a tobacco-cutter.

BRUNNAM PITZER, aged 70 years, was found in a suffocated condition in a burnt field of grass and weeds, near Oakley, Ill., last week. He had made an effort to beat out the fire, and thus lost his life.

A PRETTY woman was dangerously ill at Rising Sun, Ind., and the physician promised to cure her if she would desert her husband and elope with him. The bargain has been carried out on both sides.

A CRANK was found digging a hole in one of the streets of New York the other day and taken in by the police. He explained that he was digging to find \$600,000,000 which had been hidden there long ago.

A MASQUERADE ball was one of the events of the Spiritualist camp meeting at Lake Pleasant, Mass., and it was believed that a number of the masked and fancifully costumed dancers were materialized spirits.

DR. PHOCOX, of Logan county, Ky., is the victim of the persecution of five ghosts, all mounted, the leader riding a mule. They bombard his house with stones, and a volley from shot guns has no effect upon them.

DURING a fire at St. Joseph, Mo., a woman was so absorbed in saving furniture that she forgot her baby until it was cut off by the flames. Then she frantically tried to rescue it, but in vain, and has been insane ever since.

THE Rev. Father Grogan attempted to drive a Land League out of his parish school-house, in Chicago, where they were holding a meeting, and characterized them as "scoundrels and vagabonds." They retorted that he was drunk, and threw him into the street.

A DOCTOR in Pittsburgh, Pa., has preserved in his office what is said to be the smallest heart that ever beat in a human breast, so far as the records show. It is less than one-fourth the average size, but belonged to one of the "biggest-hearted" men in the west—a man who was noted for his generosity and bravery.

MR. FITZER went to Hot Springs, Ark., to be cured of nervousness, but the treatment he received there rather aggravated his disease. Three men lured him into what purported to be a real estate office, locked the doors, presented pistols, and robbed him. The excitement caused a relapse, and his recovery is not probable.

DANIEL JONES, an aged bank president at Watertown, Wis., and Charles Wood, an equally aged manufacturer, have both been regarded in their community as pattern men. Nevertheless, they had a desperate fight over the discounting of a note, and Mr. Jones was so badly whipped that it was doubtful for a time whether he would recover.

BROTHER KNOWIDEN'S polygamy is of a kind that even Mormons do not approve. He has a wife in each of seven Utah towns, so that in his travels he is provided with convenient lodgings free of cost, for he lets the wives support themselves. One of them became so poor that she nearly starved to death, and Knowiden was mobbed next time he visited her.

M. P. EZELL was accompanying Dr. McKnight, who had just been married to Hargrave's sister, after an elopement. Fletcher Hargrave overtook the party in Tennessee, and, announcing his purpose to kill McKnight, began firing. McKnight was wounded and Ezell shot dead. Their horses, becoming frightened, ran away, and seriously injured Mrs. McKnight.

A RABID dog bit a woman and her daughter at Tipton, Ind., and they died two weeks afterward of what the neighbors believed was hydrophobia; but doubts arose, and an investigation has proved that they were killed by strychnine. A son-in-law of the older woman had seized the opportunity to murder them in a way that seemed to him safe from discovery.

A GANG of young men at Paterson, N. J., has been in the habit of insulting every young woman that passed. A youth named Cline a few days ago put on a dress of his sister's and powdered and painted himself profusely. He easily deceived one of the gang, who began to flirt with him. Finally he joined Cline and they walked for a time. At last the deceived young man kissed Cline, who knocked him down.

A FAMILY has gone insane in Iowa through grief. Mary McMahon, daughter of a farmer, entered a convent two weeks ago and became insane. Her mother visited her at the asylum, and also became insane. The daughter died last Monday. This so afflicted the mother that she died the next day. A son and daughter became insane at the sight of their mother and sister coming home dead, and the father is stricken with grief bordering upon insanity.

HANK MOKE, the famous Rocky Mountain stage driver, whose boast was that he had never had an upset, and who was the hero of Horace Greeley's stage ride as related by Artemus Ward, came to grief recently. His stage was turned bottom side up while he was the driver, and when he had for a passenger ex-Attorney-General Devens. The old Cabinet officer was accompanied by his daughter, by a clergyman, and by a professor, on their way from Lake Tahoe to Carson, Nev. Monk feels very badly about the accident, and he is said to be looking around for a site for a tombstone.

MANAGERS of western variety theatres frequently engage performers whom they have never seen, and therefore sometimes get very poor ones inadvertently. At the Buckingham, in Louisville, a drop curtain was painted with the huge letters "N. G." standing for "no good," and the manager ordered that this verdict be lowered in front of every performer who failed to show a fair degree of merit. It happened that the first to deserve this crushing was a remarkably pretty girl, and the audience sympathized with her. She had given an execrable dance, and was in the midst of a woful recitation, when the "N. G." curtain was lowered. The audience demanded her reappearance and did not permit anybody else to perform until the police had arrested the more gallant and noisy among them.

MR. CHARLES FOX had entered a tonsorial establishment in Chicago, and submitted his face to the razor of one of the colored gentlemen, who, of course, entertained him on all the topics of the day. One side of the face had been lathered and shaved, and the other was just undergoing the first operation when a dusky friend of the barber rushed frantically in, shouting, "October wheat's down to twenty-two and three-quarters." The barber dropped his razor and even left off in the middle of his conversation, and with no further explanation than "got to go to the bucket shop," started for the door. Mr. Fox suggested mildly that his face lacked that symmetry which is necessary to beauty. The speculator only answered as he rushed out the door, "can't help it; ain't got no time; got to go to the bucket shop."

THE late M. Blanc once paid for a parasol for his wife the unusual sum of \$18,200. The pair started for Wiesbaden one summer morning to spend the day at Homberg, and upon their arrival at that paradise of the green table Madame Blanc discovered that she had left her parasol at home. She insisted that her husband should buy a new one, and reluctantly enough he invested \$16 in a parasol of great fashion and beauty. He determined to recoup himself for this extravagance at the tables, and walked into the room devoted to trente-et-quarante, where half a dozen chairs were obsequiously proffered by the officials. He declined them all on the ground that as he only intended to remain at the table for a minute or two, it would not be worth while to sit down. He then addressed himself to the enterprise of recovering the price of his wife's new parasol by setting two louis on the black. Without following the course of his losses it is enough to record the fact that his wife's forgetfulness cost M. Blanc the thousands mentioned above.

THE old employees in a Chicago iron foundry had quit work on a strike, and their places were filled by new men, who were making ready for a large casting. The clay mould had been clamped in its iron frame the day before, and all that remained to do was to pour in the molten iron. The liquid mass was brought by the men in long-handled ladles, and in another moment would have been emptied in, when a slight displacement of the mould attracted attention, and it was opened. The cavity was full of gunpowder. One drop of the melted metal would have caused an awful explosion, probably killing everybody in the building. That the strikers were guilty of the plot was shown by the fact that, instead of crowding about the doors and windows to jeer at the new men, as they had done on previous days, they remained at a considerable distance. A detective claims to have discovered that the powder was deposited by a committee of three men, to whom the task of wreaking vengeance had been given by their companions. Several arrests have been made.



HENRY O. FLIPPER,

THE COLORED OFFICER, ACCUSED OF DEFRAUDING THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The Fort Smith Murderers.

Fort Smith, Ark., on September 9th, was the scene of the hanging of six murderers, three white men and three Indians.

Pat McGowan was of slender build, about five feet eight inches. He was thirty-five years of age; was born in Ireland but raised in this country from infancy; served in the Union army in the 12th Illinois Cavalry; was mustered out and went to live in Rockford, Ill. Thence he went to Cedar Falls, Iowa, where he worked at the wagon-making business. He left there in 1870, going through Kansas and the Territory to Texas; thence he drifted back to the Chickasaw country, where he married a white woman and took a lease on 360 acres of land, which he cultivated for a time with Latta. Falling out with Latta, he bought him out, and Latta left threatening McGowan's life. Shortly afterward McGowan, smarting under what he deemed to be dangerous to his life, followed Latta and shot him. He never denied the charge, and never ran away to avoid the deputies.

George W. Padgett is a heavy-set, fair complexioned man of twenty-three years of age. He was born in Smith county, Texas. He murdered Wm. H. Stephens in July, 1880, on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas river, about thirty miles south of Caldwell, Kansas. Stephens was a Texan and had charge of the herd. The difficulty arose about a few head of cattle that Padgett charged Stephens with having stolen in Texas. Padgett refused to "cut them out" of the herd for Stephens' share, and here a quarrel arose and Padgett shot him dead.

William T. Brown was born in Davis county, Missouri, and is twenty-seven years old. He has lived in the Chickasaw country for the last few years, and at the time of the murder was engaged in supplying the Quartermaster at Fort Smith with hay for the cavalry. He killed Ralph C. Tate, who was from Texas.

The two Creek Indian boys, Amos and Abler Manley, murdered a man named MacVeigh. They are respectively nineteen and seventeen years of age, and present the pure features of the uneducated Indian, wild and defiant. The murder they are charged with was bloody and brutal. They came to MacVeigh's house on a cold night in December last, and asked for a lodging. MacVeigh made a good, warm fire for them and placed a pallet near the fire for their use. Toward morning they arose and killed MacVeigh and mangled his hired man, Barnett, almost cutting his head off with an ax and completely severing his wrist. These boys had two trials. The first, early in May, the jury failed to agree, standing eleven for

conviction and one for acquittal; the second trial the jury brought in their verdict of guilty in less than one hour. It has never transpired why these boys should have done this horrible deed.

Tulwahario is a full-blooded Seminole Indian, and is fifty-six years of age. He was one of a party of Indians under command of

Charley Bowlegs (who was a son of the famous Billy Bowlegs, of Florida war fame), who murdered Scott Davis, a white man married to a Chickasaw woman, and also for the murder of Joseph Bateman, a white man who had leased under Davis. These murders were committed in May, 1879, and were outrageously cruel and cowardly. Davis was ambuscaded in a lonely



A HUNTER'S DISCOVERY.

THE MANGLED CORPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOUND IN A SWAMP; FREEPORT, L. I.



THE FORT SMITH, ARK., MURDERERS.

1—GEORGE PADGETT. 2—WILLIAM T. BROWN. 3—PATRICK MCGOWAN. 4—ABLER MANLEY. 5—TULWAHARIO. 6—AMOS MANLEY.



BLANCHE DOUGLAS,

THE NEW YORK CYPRIAN AND MISTRESS OF WALTER MALLEY, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

place and shot, and was buried in a hollow tree. Bateman was fired upon while plowing in his field.

Lieut. Flipper.

On the morning of August 13, the people of the pleasant garrison of Fort Davis, Texas, were thrown into a state of wild excitement by a rumor to the effect that Lieutenant H. O. Flipper of the Tenth cavalry (the only colored officer in the army), had been detected in an attempt to defraud the government of nearly \$4,000. For several months Lieutenant Flipper has been Acting Commissary of Subsistence of that post, and a few days ago, Colonel Shafter, the commanding officer, received a telegram from the Commissary at San Antonio, stating that Lieutenant Flipper's funds had not been received, and requesting Colonel Shafter to investigate the affair. Colonel Shafter questioned Lieutenant Flipper, who stated that he had sent the funds by mail on the 9th of July, but that he had kept no record of them, and as no one had witnessed the mailing, he could not prove that he had done so. This was looked upon as a very gross piece of carelessness on the part of Lieutenant Flipper, but no one regarded it as anything more. On the following evening some of the officers thought that Lieutenant Flipper might be contemplating a flight into Mexico, so the commanding officer required him immediately to turn over his funds to another officer and relieved him from duty as acting commissary of subsistence.

The commanding officer determined to have Lieutenant Flipper's quarters searched for the missing checks. He accordingly placed him in arrest and began the search of his quarters.

The A. C. I. and the Adjutant repaired to Lieutenant Flipper's quarters, where the search began. Soon they were seen returning to the office with Lieut. F.'s cartridge belt and pistol. They reported the finding of over \$300 lying around loose in different places. Much new woman's clothing in trunks, several patterns, and any amount of jewelry, a large diamond stud (afterward found to be paste), an elegant gold locket and neck chain, a woman's gold watch and chain, bracelets, four handsome finger rings, a man's gold watch and chain, and smaller articles. As the woman's clothes were found in Lieut. Flipper's room and closet, the Colonel meant to have Lucy Smith, a colored cook of Mr. Flipper's, searched.

During this the Colonel directed his orderly to take Lucy to his office, and he would question her as to whether the jewelry, etc., belonged to her, and if Mr. Flipper

had given it to her. The woman was greatly confused, and acknowledged that the jewelry and the clothing was hers, and had been given to her by Mr. Flipper. Then the orderly said:

"Colonel, the woman has papers concealed about her." This Lucy stoutly denied. "She has, indeed, sir. Before she came over she kept me waiting while she slipped a clean dress on, and crossing the parade she kept pushing something up her dress."

"Would they take a poor innocent girl's character away?" she cried. "Indeed she had no papers about her, the Colonel could look for himself." She bared herself by opening her dress. No papers were visible, but still the orderly persisted in his affirmation. "I know the woman has papers concealed. I heard them." The woman insisted that the Colonel should put his hand inside her dress and ascertain for himself. He quietly ran his hand round her waist outside her dress, and came across a pocket between her dress and underclothing, underneath the back of her arm.

"There are no papers! Hand them to me at once and no more words." "Indeed, they are not papers." "No words; hand that packet to me or I'll call those two orderlies in here and have them take them by force."

She put her hand inside the dress and drew forth an official envelope, addressed to Gen. Small, containing all the missing checks.

Lieut. Flipper was conducted by four armed men to the guard-house. An inventory of his effects were taken, and much of the woman's clothing were found in his trunk and his in hers. Their clothing were hung together in one closet, the rooms being sealed.

The woman was arrested by the Sheriff of the town for unlawfully having in her possession certain checks belonging to the United States Government.



WILLIAM H. MUNDY.

THE TEMPERANCE LAWYER AND LIQUOR DEALERS' FOE; NEW YORK CITY.

gained as a temperance reformer, by prosecuting the liquor dealers of New York city, for alleged violation of the Excise law. Within the last ten days he has commenced alone and single-handed over five thousand suits. Mr. Mundy was formerly a reporter of the New York Sun, but left journalism several years ago to enter upon his present work. The fact that he has brought so many suits indicates that he is not wanting in pluck.

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Joshua Ward, ex-Champion Oarsman.

[With Portrait.]

The picture of this noted oarsman will recall to mind many of the early boat races in this country when boating was in its infancy, at a time when there was no Hanlan swivel rowlock, sliding seat and patent apparatus attached to the racing shell.

Ward was born at Cornwall in 1858. He stands 6 feet 1 1/4 inches in height, and now weighs 160 pounds. He is of the Yankee type, and possessed of great muscular development. He commenced rowing 22 years ago.

The ex-champion has not figured in a single scull race against a first-class oarsman since 1866, fifteen years ago. Ward was a great oarsman in his day and probably the fastest in America, but he had to give way to James Hamill. The latter succumbed to Walter Brown, and Brown retired before the late George Brown of Halifax, Evan Morris of Pittsburg, and Wm. Scharf, who were in turn deposed of the championship by Hanlan's wonderful rowing powers.

Ward resides in a quaint, vine-clad cottage, at Cornwall, N. Y., on the banks of the Hudson. This cottage is famous as the birthplace of the famous Wards, a rowing family which during the past twenty-one years has furnished a single, pair, double and four-oared champion crew, also six oarsmen who have figured with



BOUNCING THE BOARDERS.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S HARD FIGHT FOR HIS BED, WHICH WAS BOUGHT ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN; NEW YORK CITY.

Life at Chautauqua.

The gay girls who visit Chautauqua Lake, New York, are not always intent on obtaining religious instruction, but more often leaven the daily sobriety of life at that resort by a little harmless fun. Not long ago, a party of young girls were given a room next to that occupied by a pious couple from an interior hamlet. The dividing partition was of thin stuff, and the boards had shrunk, leaving here and there a modest crack. When the girls retired to their quarters, the pious brother and his wife had already retired. One of the girls had a bottle of champagne in her trunk, and after they had partly disrobed, she produced the wine. All drank of it and the result was to make them feel frisky. An old-fashioned pillow fight was indulged in and the racket woke up the pious couple. They hastily jumped up, and the good old man dropped on his knees, and began praying earnestly for the salvation of the wicked girls. His wife, whose curiosity was excited, applied her eye to one of the cracks, and when she saw the scene of revelry within, she exhorted her husband to pray all the faster. The wife never left her post, and her husband never ceased his prayers until the girls went to bed, and the old man doesn't know to this day what a good thing he missed by not making his wife pray while he kept watch.

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William H. Mundy.

William H. Mundy, a lawyer of New York City, is adding to the notoriety he has hitherto



JAMES MALLEY.

FOUND CRIMINALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF JENNIE CHAMER, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

more or less success in England, Canada and the United States. Joshua Ward is still living, and the picture represents the once famous oarsman.

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Robert S. Haley.

[With Portrait.]

This noted athlete was born in San Francisco Cal., Dec. 26, 1858; height, 5 ft. 7 1/4 in. in stockinged feet; weight, 125 lbs. in condition. In San Francisco, Cal., Haley's occupation is that of clerk of the City and County Hospital. He is a member of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, and has come to New York to run at the Annual Amateur Championship meeting, where he expects to beat Myers. Haley, it is claimed, has run 200 yards in 21s.

• • •

Thomas Thompson.

[With Portrait.]

This noted athlete is said to be able to defeat any wrestler in the State of Missouri. He stands 5 ft. 8 in. in height, weighs 175 lbs. He recently left for the Pacific Slope to arrange a match with Lane or Fox, for \$500 a side.

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JAMES SMITH, of 356 Centre street, Philadelphia, Pa., was held in \$800 bail, last week, by Magistrate Smith, to answer a charge of beating and attempting to shoot his wife. Evidence showed that the defendant had gone to his home under the influence of liquor. He attacked his wife and pointed a pistol at her, but she seized his arm and held it under a window until assistance arrived.

Sporting News

FOXHALL is entered in the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch.

GLENMORE can outrun Checkmate at even weights when they meet.

PIERRE LORILLARD's Edith, by Saxon, is rapidly running into racing form.

E. P. WESTON is now one of the leading temperance lecturers in England.

CLARENCE WHISTLER and William Muldoon, the wrestlers, are in Leadville.

JAMES O'BRIEN challenges anybody to kill and dress sheep from \$100 to \$500.

WITHER'S Julietta colt is fast enough to beat any two-year-old, when not paralyzed.

IN England the betting in the race for the St. Leger Stakes is now 2 to 1 against Froquois.

MEMENTO, with 110 pounds up, ran five furlongs recently at Sheephead Bay in 1:02 1-2.

MCMAHON and Kennedy, the champion wrestlers, were recently wrestling at Albany.

JACK HALLIHAN of Virginia City, noted pugilist and sporting man, has opened a sporting house.

MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD has nominated an American bred colt for the Epsom (England) Derby of 1883.

AFTER all the blowing and bluster of Wallace Ross he has failed to put up his money and row Hanlan.

CAPTAIN RILEY defeated Anderson, Duck, Fish, Harris and Boyle in a 500-yards swim at Lachine, Canada.

T. P. DELEHANTY challenges Ike Myers to swing Indian clubs for the amateur championship of America.

MR. GEORGE LORILLARD has sold to William Mulkey the two-year-old chestnut colt Ranger, by Tom Ochiltree.

MR. A. BELMONT has sold to J. E. Cook the two-year-old bay colt by The Ill-Used out of Countess, by Kentucky.

IT is said that Courtney and Riley are to row at Lake Neahstawanta during the fair at Oswego Falls, N. Y.

In the trotting meeting at Springfield, Mass., J. P. Morris won the purse for the 2:24 class, 2:20 1-2, 2:22 2:23 1-4.

HARVEY'S famous trotter, Troubadour, will never be able to trot in a race again, owing to injuries received recently.

CHARLEY BOWELL says since he arrived he has received eleven challenges, but will respond to none until he is ready.

THE Narragansett of Providence, R. I., will send an eight-oared crew and a single-scueller to the National Regatta.

Dwyer Brothers have sold to Pat Nolan the four-year-old bay horse Quito, and he now runs under the name of Cripple.

DAN SWICKER, the noted Kentucky turfman who sold Hindoo to the Dwyer Brothers, was in New York a few days ago.

THE Smith-Plaisted four-oared crew are practicing daily on Bedford Basin, Halifax, N. S., and are rowing in good form.

THE six-day go-as-you-please race at Buffalo, N. Y., under the management of John Davis will take place in October.

CHUCK GARNETT and F. A. Plaisted, the oarsmen, swing Indian clubs at Halifax, N. S., for \$500. The match was decided a draw.

WITH health and condition, it looks as if Froquois will be enrolled as the tenth winner of the double events—Derby and St. Leger.

LONG TAW, six years, by Longfellow out of Slipper, by Planet, has been sold by Morris & Patten to Mr. Owen of Toronto, Canada.

THE Chicago Base Ball Club will retain her present nine for next season, notwithstanding the large salaries offered by other clubs.

THE United States Cricket team won the international cricket match at Hamilton Ont., defeating the Canadian team by eleven wickets.

GUS HILL has posted \$50 forfeit and proposes to match Wm. Walsh, his pupil, against P. H. Hoey of Boston, to swing clubs for \$500 a side.

MICHELL, of Virginia, writes that he is anxious to meet any man in the world in front of the traps in a match for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

W. G. GEORGE, the ex-champion English runner, will not visit this country. It is claimed he sprained his foot while running in a handicap at Lurgan.

OLE, with 113 pounds up, ran a mile and a quarter at Coney Island Jockey Club track, and won by four lengths, which might have been ten, in 2:11 1-2.

AUGUST BELMONT's racing filly, Rica, is quite a Crucifix, with a little more size and substance. As the season advances she will improve and be dangerous.

LARKIN, Schenck and Walker of the Atlantic Base Ball Club of Brooklyn have been engaged by the Albany club to play first and second bases and short stop.

THE fall meeting of the Kentucky Association commences Monday, September 12, and continues six days. They offer three races a day, making eighteen events.

URHLAN, the English stallion, who, during his turf career won the Ascot and Goodwood Stakes and the Brighton and Doncaster Cup, has lately arrived from England.

AT the Springfield, Mass., trotting meeting Voltaire won the purse for the 2:21 class after Lucy, the favorite, won the first heat. Time, 2:21 1-2, 2:23 1-2, 2:20 1-2, 2:22 1-4.

S. POWERS & SON, of Illinois, sold, at Saratoga, N. Y., to Mr. M. Young, of Henderson, Ky., bay filly Patti, three years, by Billet d'am Dora, by Pat Malloy, for \$2,000.

CHARLES HARRIMAN, the champion six-day

pedestrian, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago. He informed us that he is ready to walk any man in the world six days.

JOHN RAYNE, of Canada, won the one-mile running race at the Caledonian Games, held at New York, beating Charles Price, of England, and M. J. Happeny, of Boston. Time, 4m. 44 3-4s.

THE arrangements for the Balch stallion race at Beacon Park, on Sept. 15, are almost complete, and the indications now are that the affair will prove the event of the season on the turf.

At the New York Caledonian games, J. McGinley of the Baltic Athletic Club won the three-mile walking match, beating C. F. Daniels of Boston and John West of Brooklyn. Time, 2m. 4 1-4s.

THE yacht race for \$500 between the Rahda and Corsair has been postponed until some day not yet decided upon. The race is to be over a ninety-mile course from Plum Gut to City Island.

A SCULLING race has been arranged between J. O'Hearn and S. Grady, both of East Boston. Distance three miles on the Charles River for a silver cup, value \$100, to be decided on September 22.

BOWELL failed to meet Frank Hart at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 5th inst. and arranged a six-day race for \$2,000, although Hart backed up his challenge with \$200, and we returned Hart's money.

MYERS, the champion amateur runner of the world, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago. He says he lost the 100-yard race in England by a "fluke," and that he could give the man that beat him a start.

WILLIAM GALE will have a grand benefit at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds Saturday, Sept. 10. Rowell, Hart, Hassel, Joe Goss and George Cooke have volunteered to appear and there will be a rare day's sport.

VERY little has been heard of late concerning the proposed regatta for Hop Bitters prizes. The number of entries was quite large, and the only question to be settled a month ago was where the race should be rowed.

MR. J. O'KANE, the Twenty-third Ward builder, has just purchased the well-known trotter, Magnolia Dan, and can be seen any fine afternoon on the road in company with the festive Burke of 35 John street.

TOM DAVIS, who owns several race horses, and backer of Panchot, Littlewood and Howard, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and states he has two unknown pedestrians that he will match against Charles Rowell.

We have received evidence that Chas. McIver did run 150 yards in 14 seconds at Woodstock, Canada, recently. John Forbes, a noted sporting man, says: "The distance was right and the time was fourteen seconds."

THE sculling match between Thomas Blackman and Harry Thomas for a purse of \$200 took place at the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, recently. Blackman won easily in 25 minutes 35 seconds.

GLENNMORE will be in the great Long Island Stake at the course of the Coney Island Jockey Club on the 17th of this month, and there is good reason for the belief that it will be the greatest four-mile-heat race of modern times.

AT the Springfield, Mass., trotting meeting, Trinkel boat Hopeful and Charley Ford in the 2:15 class, Time, 2:19 1-4, 2:17 1-4, 2:17 1-4. Edwin Thorne won the 2:18 class, beating John R. Clark and Wedgewood. Time, 2:18, 2:20, 2:20 1-4.

AT the Caledonian Games held at New York recently the five-mile race had ten starters. George Hassel, the ex-champion of England, won in 27 min. 5 1/2s.; George F. Norcross came in second in 27 min. 35 1/4s. and Charles Price third.

AT Council Bluffs, Omaha, the ten-mile equestrian race between Miss Minnie Pinneo and Mrs. Burke of Nebraska, ended unsatisfactorily. Minnie Pinneo was sick and her sister, Lizzie Pinneo, rode against Mrs. Burke but was no match for the Nebraska champion who won in 21m. 40s.

RICHARD A. PENNELL, well known as the champion amateur dumb-bell lifter of New York a few years ago, and who became a professional gymnast, is matched to wrestle Ryan, the so-called champion of the Northwest. The match is to take place in Cincinnati during the present month.

JIM CARNEY is anxious to fight any man in England at 128 pounds while Jimmy Highland wants to fight any man in England at 130 pounds. Both pugilists are trying to make the public believe they are eager to fight yet they fail to arrange a match when there is only two pounds difference in the weight they are anxious to fight at.

T. B. DELEHANTY, of New York, the amateur champion club-swinger, in reply to Ike Meyer's conditional acceptance of his challenge to swing clubs says: "He desires to arrange a match for the amateur and not the professional championship. Amateurs are not allowed to swing for money, and if Meyers is a professional, then he (Delehanty) will swing any man in America for the amateur championship and gold medal."

IT appears the old win, tie-and-wrangle principle is still the custom at prize fights in England. Charley Hippis, the noted English pugilist, recently agreed to fight an unknown London pugilist half way between Birmingham and London. Hippis out-fought the London pugilist and when it was a pound to a farthing Hippis would win the gang from London to save the stakes and money they had bet, sent for the police who stopped the mill.

IS H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., afraid to wrestle John McMahon for the collar-and-elbow championship? We recently informed McMahon that Dufur would wrestle him if he would post a deposit and issue a challenge in the regular way. McMahon posted a forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office and challenged Dufur to wrestle for \$250 up to \$1,000 a side. Dufur paid no attention to the challenge, greatly to our surprise, consequently McMahon's backer called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 5th inst. and withdrew the money.

JUST as the POLICE GAZETTE went to press we dispatched a dispatch from Louis Kreiger, of Louisville, stating that the articles of agreement set out by the POLICE GAZETTE for the great dog fight between Charles Lloyd's, "Cockney Charlie," dog "Pilot," of New York and Louis Kreiger's "Crib" of Louisville, for \$2,000 were accepted and signed. The great battle between these dogs will be fought near Louisville in October six weeks

from Sept. 6. The dogs are to weigh 28 pounds. The POLICE GAZETTE is to hold the stakes and Richard K. Fox to appoint the referee.

THIS following explains itself:

"ARCADIA, IOWA, Sept. 1, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Sir—In reply to John Dane's, of Alpena, Mich., challenge to jump any man in America, please state that I am ready to arrange a match to jump without weights if Dane will allow me a start. Please ask Dane how many inches he will allow me if I make a match to jump without weights for \$500 a side." B. W. ELLIS.

"P. S.—A reply to the POLICE GAZETTE will be attended to. B. W. E."

WASHINGTON, D. C., is to have a grand race meeting, given under the auspices of the National Fair Association, November 1, 2, 3 and 4, under the rules and weights of the Maryland Jockey Club. To add the essential element of character to the meeting the following stakes have been opened, viz., the Novelty Handicap Stakes, for all ages, one mile and a furlong; the Washington Stakes, for three-year-olds, one mile and a half; the Lafayette Stakes, for two-year-olds, one mile; and the Yorktown Centennial Handicap, for all ages, three miles. Crigde & Co., will have charge of the pool-selling.

WHO the best jockey in England is at present is a hard matter to decide. Although many pin their faith in Archer, Fordham has a legion of followers, and it is well known that he can draw a race finer and with a more absolute command over himself and his mount than perhaps any one living; Archer can squeeze more out of a horse than the horse himself could possibly expect. There is no more consummate judge of pace in the world than Fordham, no rider with such keen observation and so cool a head, while Archer's wonderful energetic style of riding—descriptive, if one may call it so—is also quite peculiar to himself; but Fordham is his equal, if not superior.

SIX-DAY RACES have received such a black eye that the only thing in our mind to revive the "wobble" and stir up the heart of the public is a struggle for a rich international trophy under management beyond suspicion. Several belts and trophies have been offered but none of them would bring one half the price said to have been paid for them. A gold belt which would bring \$1,000, if offered for sale for old gold, would be the only trophy to offer for such a contest and one that would pay such great pugilists as Charles Rowell, John Hughes, Robert Vint and Frank Hart to compete for. If some enterprising manager would offer a trophy of this kind, and make the entrance fee \$500, it would pay. The public have seen enough of the races under the old regime and want a change.

PATSY HOGAN, formerly a pugilist of this city, is now a leading sporting man in San Francisco. He has a pugilist under his wing (John Keenan of Philadelphia) whom he offers to match against Harry Maynard or any pugilist on the Pacific Slope for \$500 and the light-weight championship. It is doubtful if any pugilist accepts Hogan's challenge on behalf of Keenan, for although there are six world-champions in San Francisco, none of them will make a match, but would sooner follow the business of sparring in cheap beer halls for a few pennies than fighting. It is about time that the foolish people who support these fraudulent gladiators could get to realize the fact that a fighter than who will not fight is a blackguard without the blackguard's only redeeming quality, courage.

CHARLES BOWELL places no confidence in the wonderful stunts made by Vint, Hughes and Panchot, simply because these pugilists never accomplished these wonderful feats in contests that he was a competitor. If Bowell starts in an open six-day race in this country he will find out that these pugilists did make the scores they have been credited with and he will also learn at the expense of blistered feet, aching limbs and contracted over-strained muscles, that they will make him travel and cover 500 miles if not further to win. Vint, with proper handling, barring accidents, will go 500 miles. Hughes, with the POLICE GAZETTE behind him and in condition, run on a schedule each day, will beat 500 miles and the pedestrian that beats him will win. Frank Hart and Peter J. Panchot are also pugilists that if they do not follow Bowell at the start may beat him. One thing is certain, if Hughes and Vint start it's a race against Bowell, although he has been so far invincible, he will find there are men in America that can cover 500 miles; he will also have to keep going to head them at the finish.

A SLASHING prize fight was decided near London, Eng., recently between James Gleeson, of Somerton, and Harry Crook, of Camdentown. The pugilists fought at catch weights, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, for a purse of £25. Punch Callow trained Gleeson and Jack Hoolan trained Crook. Crook stands 5 feet 5 inches in height, twenty-one years of age and weighed 114 pounds. On April 27, 1881, he fought Tom Galvin; the battle ended in a draw after fifty-seven rounds had been fought. Gleeson is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 feet 5 1/2 inches in height and weighs 124 pounds. A large crowd assembled to witness the mill Bob Webb pitched the ring. Gleeson had the services of Jack Hicks and Jack Harper, while Pete Brooks and Jack Hoolan seconded Crook. The battle was a desperate one, both pugilists, especially Gleeson, displaying great pluck and science. After nine rounds had been fought the police arrived and the referee ordered the men to meet about five miles from the scene. In the second ring thirty-seven more rounds were fought and Gleeson won. The fight lasted through 47 rounds.

THERE is now every prospect of the proposed great prize fight between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., being matched to fight for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. It will be remembered that about two months ago Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE issued a sweeping challenge on behalf of Paddy Ryan offering to match the Trojan against John L. Sullivan or any man in the world, to fight catch-weights according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, within three months from signing articles for \$5,000 a side. Richard K. Fox at the same time posted \$500 with Frank Queen to prove that he was in earnest. Sullivan could not find backers but just when several sporting men agreed to make up the amount, Frank Queen, to the surprise and disgust of the sporting fraternity, refused to hold the stakes and returned Richard K. Fox the \$500. In the meantime Richard K. Fox, knowing the sporting public were eager to witness the gladiators in battle array, Mr. Buck, of the *Spirit of the Times*, was requested to hold the stakes. He also refused. As a last alternative the editors of the New York *Daily News* and New York *Herald* were requested to hold the stakes for the proposed great mill. They also refused.

In the meantime Sullivan met with great success; he beat Flood, a burly pugilist in New York. He visited Philadelphia and in short order knocked out Crossley, a stout, tall amateur, and added to his laurels by whipping McCarthy, a big Baltimore bruiser. The Boston pugilists visited Chicago and Dalton, a burly muscular bruiser was pitted against him. Sullivan electrified the Chicago sports by polishing off his opponent in just as quick and artistic a manner as he had Goss, Cooke, Donaldson Taylor, Flood, Crossley and McCarthy. Sullivan said he was ready to fight for less than \$5,000. Mike McDonald, the king of the Chicago sporting men, then came forward and agreed to match Sullivan against Ryan for any amount. Ryan was informed of this fact and sent word to Chicago "that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE in New York was ready to put up \$5,000 that he could whip Sullivan but that he would pay no attention to any challenge unless Sullivan or his backers sent on a forfeit and a challenge." Ryan claimed that he was the champion and ready to defend that title.

Michael C. McDonald, on learning of Ryan's resolve, sent the following challenge, accompanied by a certified check for \$1,000 to Kelly & Biles:

"CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1, 1880.

"To the Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I will match

John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., in a fair stand up fight, in accordance with the rules of the English prize ring, against Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., for from \$5,000 to \$10,000, a side; the fight to take place within 100 miles from the city of Detroit, Mich., or New Orleans, La., not less than six nor more than ten weeks after signing articles, Messrs. Kelly & Bliss, of New York, to

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS
SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING,
SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE,
183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

SPORTING.

P. S., Chicago, Ill.—Sam Hurst, the Stalybridge Infant, did visit this country and you lose.

M. D., St Albans, Vt.—1. Nat E. Hutchins is the light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler. 2. No.

P. W., Chicago, Ill.—A losses; Paddy Ryan never figured in a glove contest with John L. Sullivan.

M. W., Leadville.—1. Tom McAlpine is living in this city. 2. A letter addressed to this office will find him.

S. G., Lowell, Mass.—E. D. Davis, the ex-champion one hundred yard runner was in New Mexico at last advised.

R. F. R., Randolph, Mass.—The "American Athlete," published at this office, will give you the necessary information.

T. W., Louisville, Ky.—The Dwyer Brothers have not announced whether they will send Hindoo to run in Louisville this fall or not.

D. W., Baltimore, N. Y.—1. Jed Timoney was beaten by Billy Frazier of Boston, in a glove fight at Providence, R. I., on Sept. 8, 1878.

R. R., Salem, Mass.—1. Your song will not wait for publication. 2. John Morrissey never fought after defeating John C. Heenan at Long Point, Canada.

W. C., Parker's Landing, Pa.—1. Hanian and Even Morris did row and the latter was beaten. 2. American Wm. McMullen still resides in Philadelphia. 3. No.

T. F., Rosedale, N. Y.—1. A wins; Hopeful trotted one mile to win in 2:16 1/2 at Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 12, 1878. 2. Wm. Lovell, of this city, owned American Girl.

M. H., Troy, N. Y.—1. John McMahon posted \$100 forfeit at this office to wrecks any man in America collar-and-elbow. 2. Trickett, the wrestler, was killed years ago at Cincinnati, Ohio.

B. W., Peoria, Ill.—1. Edward A. Trickett was born at Greenwich, New South Wales. 2. He stands 6 feet 3 1/2 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. 3. Bob Travers, the English pugilist, was a negro.

G. W., Shelbyville, Ky.—1. If you read the sporting department of the POLICE GAZETTE you will know the result of the proposed match between Pilot and Crib. 2. We cannot tell which is the best dog.

W. F., Covington, Ky.—John C. Heenan challenged McCole to fight for \$10,000 on September 11, 1868. Heenan, however, stipulated that the fight should either take place in Virginia, Maryland or Canada.

G. P., Jamestown, Pa.—Mike Donovon and Ed McGlinchy never fought as opponents according to the rules of the London Prize Ring and A. loss. 2. They have fought with gloves but never for a stake.

M. G., Detroit, Mich.—Col. J. H. McLaughlin of your city, was champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America until he was defeated by James R. Aloysius at Boston. 2. John McMahon defeated him at Chicago. 3. No.

M. H., Selma, Ala.—Dr. William F. Carver, at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 13, 1878, broke 5,500 glass balls with a Winchester rifle, in 50 sec. The balls were thrown by hand about 12 feet from the muzzle of the rifle.

E. W., Austin, Texas.—1. Paddy Sheppard and Con Rector fought for \$200 at St. Louis, Mo., May 25, 1867. Sheppard won in 8 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 5 minutes. 2. No. 3. He lives in Boston and is the proprietor of a sporting house.

W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The score made by the American team in the third international rifle match with Ireland was 1,156. 2. The match was decided at Creedmoor, L. I., on Sept. 21, 1878. The Irish team score was 1,154. 3. No.

M. W., Indianapolis.—1. Joe Goos and Tom Allen fought a draw near Bristol, England, March 5, 1867, and Goos defeated Allen in Kentucky, in this country, in 1878. 2. The "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring" will be sent you on receipt of 25 cents.

S. W., Manchester, Pa.—James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, succeeded Joshua Ward to the single-scufl rowing championship. 2. Ward still resides at Cornwall, N. Y. 3. Hamill died at Pittsburg, Pa., on January 10, 1878. 4. Neither America or England ever turned out an oarsman as fast as Hamill.

W. G., Boston, Mass.—On August 24, W. C. Gregory, shooting 15 shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, scored 224 out of a possible 225, equaling the best score on record, made by William Gerrish in a similar contest under the same conditions. Gregory in his last six shots made all bull's eyes, so that according to rifle shooting rules his score outranks Gerrish and is the best on record. Gerrish, however, has still an unequalled record for consecutive bull's eyes, he having made 22 to Gregory's 25.

Henry B., Williamsport, Pa.—1. We never said Ned O'Baldwin was the "greatest" pugilist that ever stood in the prize ring. 2. He never met a pugilist whose stamina, stock and ability excelled or even equaled Tom Sayers. 3. In England Ned O'Baldwin defeated George Kiss and Andrew Marston. He was matched to fight John Mace, but the fight ended in a draw. Mace being arrested. He was beaten by Marston and paid forfeit to Joe Wormsdell. In America O'Baldwin fought Wormsdell at Yonkers. One round was fought, when the call was broken up by the police. Both pugilists were arrested. Wormsdell failed to appear at a certain time, and O'Baldwin was awarded the stakes. Mace and O'Baldwin met to fight at Collier Station, West Virginia, but they could not agree as to a referee. 4. O'Baldwin was murdered in New York by Michael Fissell on Sept. 27, 1878. He died on Sept. 28.

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